

# The Sketch



No. 629.—VOL. XLIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1905.

SIXPENCE.

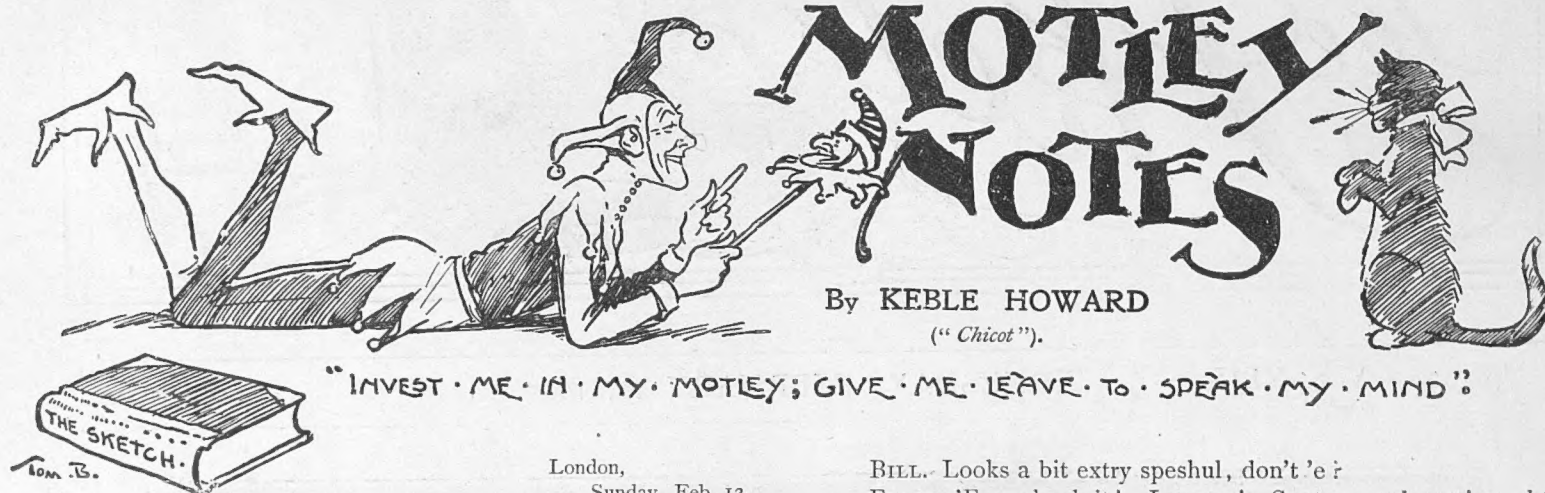


MISS GERTRUDE GLYNN, OF THE GAIETY.

Miss Glynn understudies Miss Gabrielle Ray in "The Orchid."

*Photograph by Ellis and Watery.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London,  
Sunday, Feb. 12.

I HAVE heard it said of the Royalty Theatre that the house is rather difficult to find. The dramatic critics, however, that much-maligned band, are not likely to make this complaint. Not one of them, I suspect, but could find his way to the Royalty blindfold. Indeed, the Royalty is one of the four theatres in London that never seem to tire of sending out invitations to the Press. The gentleman at present in possession is Mr. Henri de Vries, a famous Dutch actor, who is presenting an old-fashioned farce in two Acts and a little drama called "A Case of Arson." There are nine parts in "A Case of Arson," and Mr. de Vries just manages to play seven of them himself. Actor-managers with a long and expensive salary-list will be inclined, perhaps, to envy Mr. de Vries his versatility. Well, we have all been told that if you want a thing done well you must do it yourself; but I could not help reflecting, as I watched last night the monotonous entrances and exits of the Dutch gentleman at the Royalty, that it would have been better to have divided the parts, in the usual manner, amongst several players. In "A Case of Arson," though, or any other case, I am afraid Mr. de Vries will not be so long at the Royalty that the dramatic critics are likely to forget their way to Dean Street, Soho.

The unobservant may imagine that the inhabitants of Dean Street take no interest in the fortunes of the little theatre or in the appearance of those who visit it. As it happens, however, I am in a position to correct that impression. As my cab was turning out of Shaftesbury Avenue into Dean Street last night, the unfortunate horse went down with a crash on to its side, with the result that the equally unfortunate "fare" shot over the splash-board and landed on the animal's back. My dignity, I need hardly state, did not desert me, but, under the circumstances, I decided to walk the remainder of the distance. Having recovered my hat, therefore, re-tied my tie, brushed some of the dust off my clothes, staunched the flow of blood from my cheek, and paid the cabman, I strolled airily towards the theatre. Just as I was about to mingle with the crowd of critics and deadheads, though, it occurred to me that I might make myself a little more beautiful if I adjusted my tie in front of a glass. There was a hostelry on the far side of the road, I noticed. Crossing over, therefore, I pushed open a swing-door and entered the saloon-bar. In the saloon-bar I found a gentleman and a lady, who were amusing themselves, between intervals for refreshment, by peering out of the window at the assembling audience. Their pet-names, it seemed, were Bill and Floss, and their conversation—at least, as much as I heard of it whilst removing the final traces of my cab-accident—went something like this—

BILL. Wot's up at ve theayter ter-night, then?

FLOSS. I dunno. 'Seem ter be a lot o' people comin' up.

BILL. Ah. Rare game runnin' theayters, yer know.

FLOSS. Oh? I s'pose 'tis.

BILL. You bet yer boots. Wot wiv ve bars, mindyer, an' one thing an' another. A rare game, my gal, an' don't you forget it!

FLOSS. That's wot you an' me 'ad ought ter be doin', Bill.

BILL. 'Alf their chawnce!

FLOSS. I shud be on ve stige, yer know.

BILL. An' welcome. I'd look arter ve bars.

FLOSS. I believe yer. 'Ullo!

BILL. Wot's up nah?

FLOSS. See that covey just goin' up ve steps?

BILL. Wot abaht 'im?

FLOSS. Got a fice as long as a bloomin' fiddle.

BILL. Shouldn't wonder if 'e's in ve orchestra.

FLOSS. Garn, funny! More likely one o' them noospiper chaps.

BILL. Looks a bit extry speshul, don't 'e?

FLOSS. 'Ere, chuck it! Lumme! Spot ve gal getting aht o' ve broom?

BILL. Looks more like a Red Injun than a Lunnon toff.

FLOSS. Not 'er! Them's igrettes, or wotever they calls 'em. Ain't she got a swagger on 'er!

BILL. Not 'alf!

FLOSS. 'Ere's another noospiper chap! I see 'im rahnd 'ere last week.

BILL. Lawst week? I've seen 'im 'ere onst a week as long as I can remember.

FLOSS. 'Alf 'is luck! I s'pose they mikes a sight o' money, don't 'em?

BILL. You bet! I wonder wot 'e's on. *Dily Mile*, I shouldn't wonder.

FLOSS. Ah, or 'Eartsease, or one o' them, eh?

BILL. Wot's 'Eartsease?

FLOSS. A piper, o' course, silly!

BILL. Not ser much of ve silly. There's ve gent a-lookin' at yer.

FLOSS. Looks a bit better nah 'e's cleaned 'is fice, don't 'e?

BILL. Shut yer rah. You'll be gettin' us turned aht; that's wot you'll be doin', my gal.

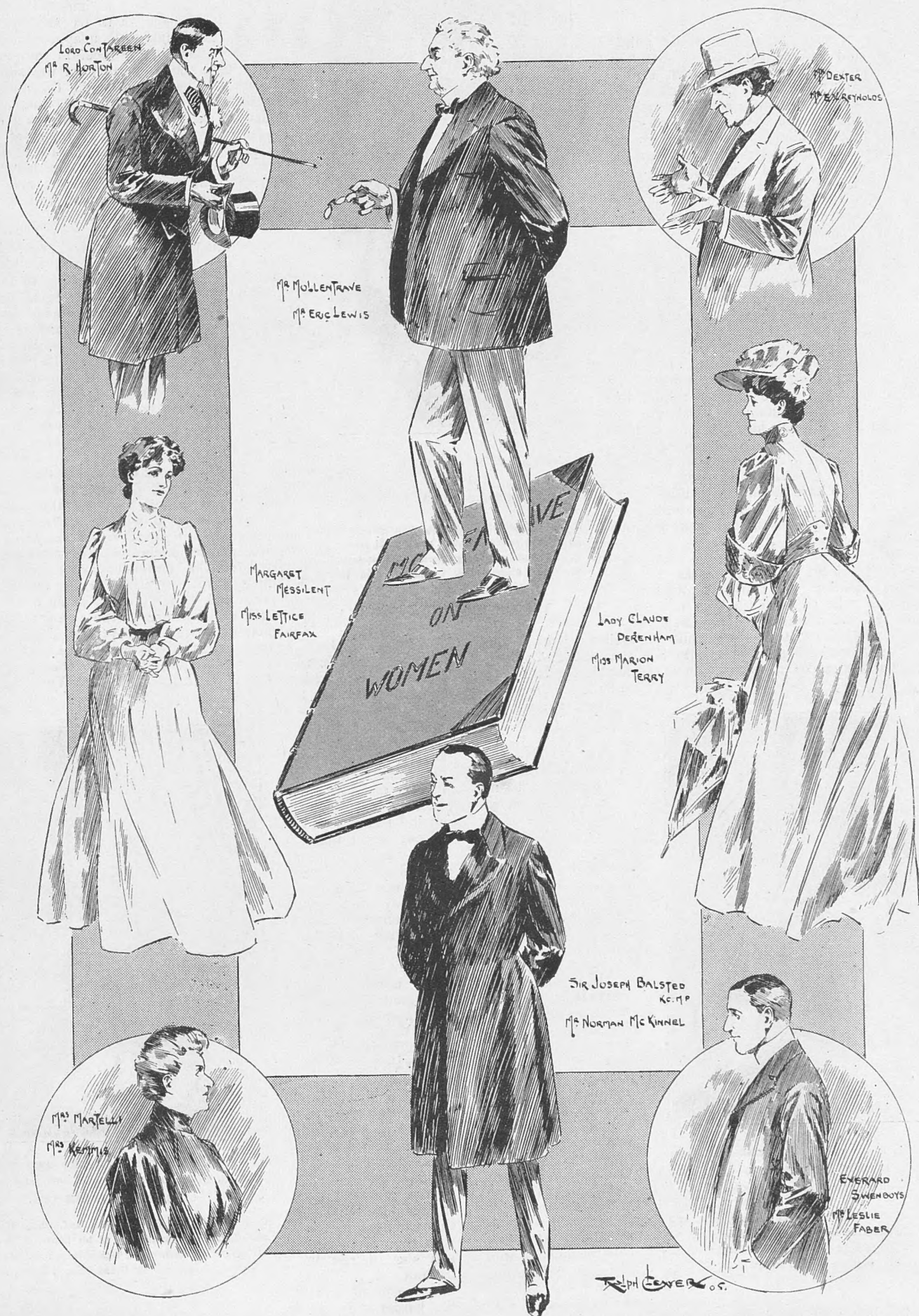
FLOSS. Well, it wouldn't be the first time. Night-night, cocky!

The danger of riding in hansom-cabs is only one of the complications of life in London. Another of these complications is the necessity—the actual necessity—of looking through thirty or forty papers and magazines every week. I am willing to admit, of course, that papers and magazines are more or less a habit. The copy-books will tell you, however, that it is easier to form habits than to break them, and, for the sins of me, I cannot help scanning all the daily and weekly papers that lie on the Club table. This very afternoon, for example, I went into the Club feeling quite fresh, and merry, and confident. I took up a Sunday paper, and read the criticism of last night's performance at the Royalty. The critic disagreed with me entirely. I took up another Sunday paper, and found a scathing review of a book that had pleased me very much. Then I had some tea. After tea I began to look through some of the weekly reviews. One told me, in emphatic terms, that Mr. Chamberlain was a fool. I threw it down hastily and took up another. This one assured me that, although Mr. Chamberlain was a brilliant politician, and Mr. Balfour a perfect gentleman, it seemed quite likely that there would be a general election just about the time when my new book is to come out. I threw that down, too, and took up a magazine. The first article that met eye was entitled, "Is there Any Hope for English Drama?" or words to that effect. The secretary of the Club not being present, I hurled the magazine into a far corner and snatched at a financial daily. In a flash I had learnt, from a black, two-column heading, that Kaffirs were in a bad way, and that anybody who had been buying them might consider himself, without more ado, a fool. I sighed deeply, laid aside the financial paper, and wandered out of the Club.

Speaking of English Drama, I saw somewhere that Mr. John Hare had been telling somebody that the English Drama was "in great peril." I wonder what it is that Mr. Hare means. How can an abstract, intangible thing like dramatic art, of whatever country, be in peril? Nobody can kill it, nobody can even make it bankrupt. I do wish that Mr. Hare, and the other clever or well-meaning people who talk like that, would take the trouble to be a little more definite. They seem to forget that these mystic utterances may keep simple, weary folk awake o' nights.



THE THIRD PLAY BY MR. ALFRED SUTRO RUNNING IN LONDON.



"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Modern Political Manners—Public Schools and the Army—Compulsory Greek—A Crusade against Week-Ending.*

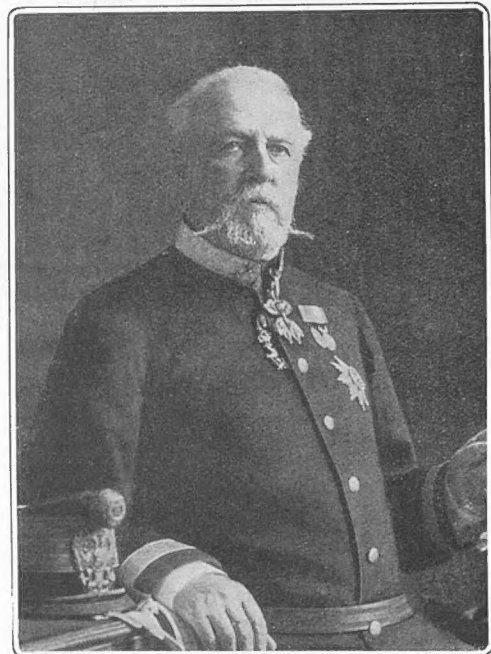
THE public manners of our young politicians and statesmen do not err nowadays on the side of urbanity. Great statesmen of the past, such as Bismarck, kept brusqueness as one of the arrows in their quiver, and some of the greatest of our own men have been rather brutally direct on occasions; but to be inconveniently frank on the wrong occasion is certainly not a sign of statesmanship, any more than rudeness is a gentleman's weapon in politics. The young men of all the parties require a rating from the older hands who still believe in the *suaviter in modo*.

The discussion as to whether Public Schoolboys make better officers in the Army than boys who have not been at a big school still continues. It is a question which I think officers who command or who have commanded regiments can give a more valuable opinion concerning than the most accomplished civilian, however thoroughly he may have studied his subject. I am sure that, unless some military school to correspond with the Britannia or Osborne is established, a school which has the tone of the big Public Schools, the boy who comes from Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Marlborough, Westminster, and the score of other great schools, is likely to have the moral qualities of a good regimental officer more highly developed than a boy who has passed through some private forcing-house.

Were it possible to award marks at an entrance examination for spirit of discipline, willingness to take the initiative and to accept responsibility, and truthfulness in difficult circumstances, I believe that the Public Schoolboys would stand higher in these subjects than those who had not passed through a big school, and these qualities are more important than a knowledge

of the higher mathematics or a smattering of Latin in a boy who is to become a trustworthy leader of men. It always seems to me that it is the education of the officer after he joins the Army that is at fault, not the training of the Public Schoolboy before he goes up for his examination for Sandhurst.

Languages are certainly of the highest importance, for an officer who cannot speak French and German easily goes dumb through half of the world; and he must know enough of mathematics to check the accounts of his Company and make a few simple calculations in the field. Freehand drawing is useful, for the boy who sketches well will be clever eventually in military topography. For



THE ACTUAL KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY: KING OSCAR II., WHO HAS HANDED OVER THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT TO HIS SON.

King Oscar was born on the 21st of January, 1829, and succeeded to the throne on the 18th of September, 1872. In 1857, he married Sophia, daughter of the late Duke William of Nassau, who has borne him four sons.

*Photograph by Pielzner.*

the rest, the boy who can strike out a line of his own in a run from point to point is likely to be a better officer than he that has a knowledge of the Greek poets.



A NEGRO PRIEST NOW ON A VISIT TO RUSSIA: BISHOP ROBERT GEORGE MORGAN.

Bishop Robert George Morgan, of the Church of England, who is a Jamaican negro, is at present in St. Petersburg seeking information concerning the Greek Church. He is the guest of the Metropolitan of that city.

*Photograph by Bulla, St. Petersburg.*

of Greek may be a luxury—it certainly is not of use. At one time, I could scramble through a translation of some of the lighter efforts of the Greek Dramatists, and "Farrar's Irregular Verbs" are the remembrance of a schoolboy's nightmare, but now I have not enough of Greek left to decipher an inscription on a tomb. I never feel its loss, whereas no day of my life passes that I do not regret that I was never taught English composition, never was asked to spell my own language correctly, and punctuated only by instinct.

A crusade is to be organised against "week-ending," and is to be led by two Archbishops. As is usually the case, there are two sides to the shield, and I hope that in tilting at the people who go out of town on Saturday because they can keep holiday more freely in the country than in London on Sunday, they will not interfere with the very necessary day of rest in fresh air which enables busy men to work the harder the week through, or discourage those people of rank who go down to the country on Saturday so as to spend the Sabbath amongst their own people, considering this to be one of the duties of the ownership of land.

Sandhurst is a model college now, and the cadet leaves it with the rudiments of military knowledge well and pleasantly impressed on him. It is when he joins his regiment that he learns how dull a soldier's life can be. The daily routine of a regiment, the perpetual looking at men's belts to try and find a spot on them, the fatigues, the unappetising spectacle of great chunks of raw beef in the ration-shed at five a.m., the re-learning of the simple drill because of slight regimental differences from the drill-book on which the Sergeant-Major prides himself, the dreary procession down to the shooting-butts, the collecting of reports, the turning-out guards, the going round dinners—these are what the boy, who has been making plans for the marches of armies and fighting battles on the Kriegspiel board with a force of all arms, finds is real soldiering.

He turns to the amusements outside barracks as a relief from the stale smell of the men's rooms and the perpetual crunching of the gravel under the feet of recruits at squad-drill, and many a boy who has left school with the making of a keen officer in him becomes one of the King's bad bargains because he sees all the uninteresting side of a soldier's life just when he has the greatest capability for enjoyment. Any War Minister who can make soldiering as interesting to the young officer as it is to the cadet will have no need to quarrel with the rough material the Public Schools send him.

Compulsory Greek is another subject concerning which much ink is being spilled. Whether Greek is a necessary stop for the razor of the brain to those who wish to dally by the Cam and the Isis is a matter which the Dons decide. Its compulsory inclusion seems to me to be related to the entrance examination for the Chinese Army, in which each candidate for officer's rank is required to shoot three arrows. For the ordinary man-of-the-world, to have the memory of having once possessed a smattering



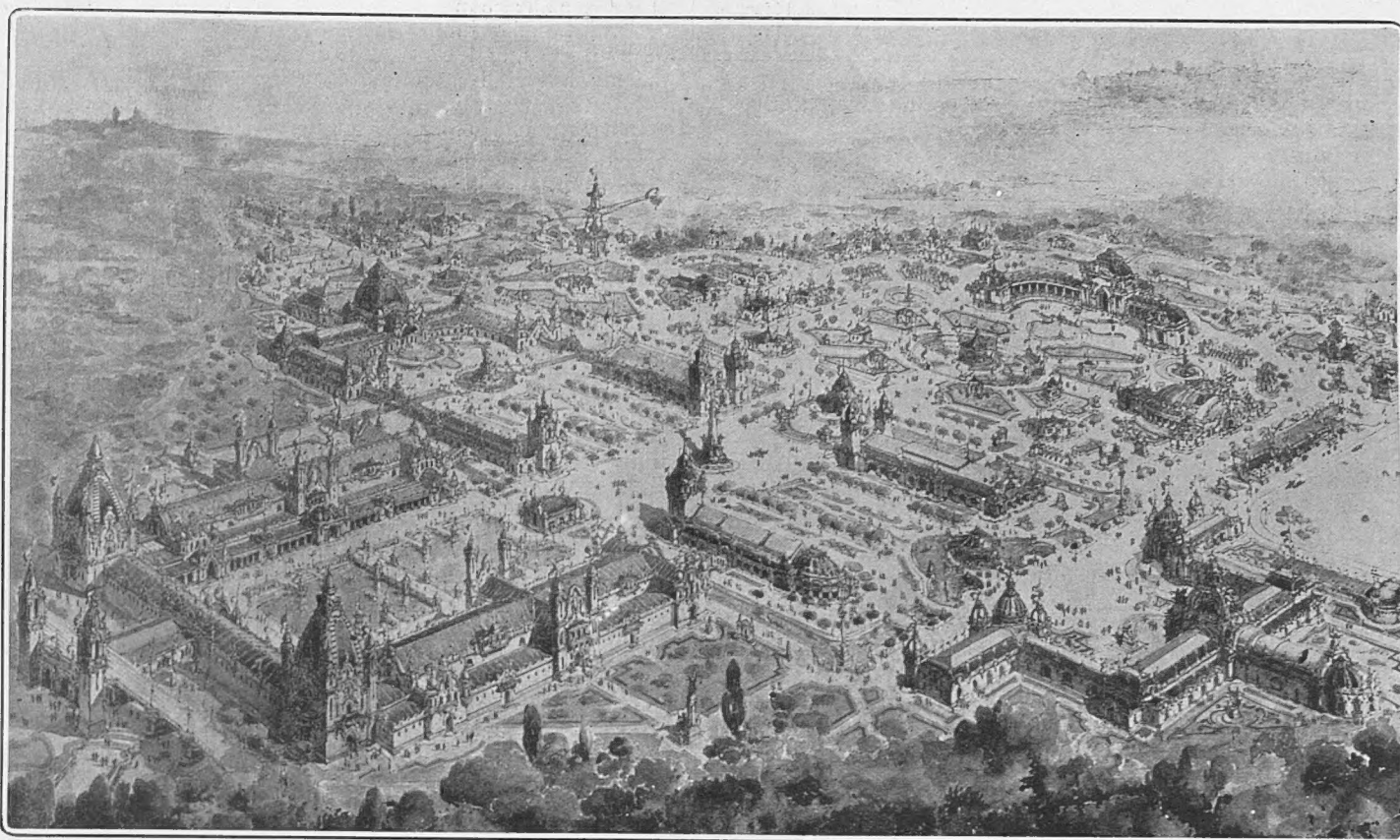
THE ACTING KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY: GUSTAF, DUKE OF WERMLAND, WHO HAS TAKEN OVER THE STATE BUSINESS.

Oscar Gustaf Adolf, Duke of Wermland, who is transacting the business of State in place of his father, is heir to the throne, and was born on the 16th of June, 1858. He married Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, in 1881.

*Photograph by Florman.*



## A GIANT EXHIBITION, AND AN EXHIBITION GIANT.

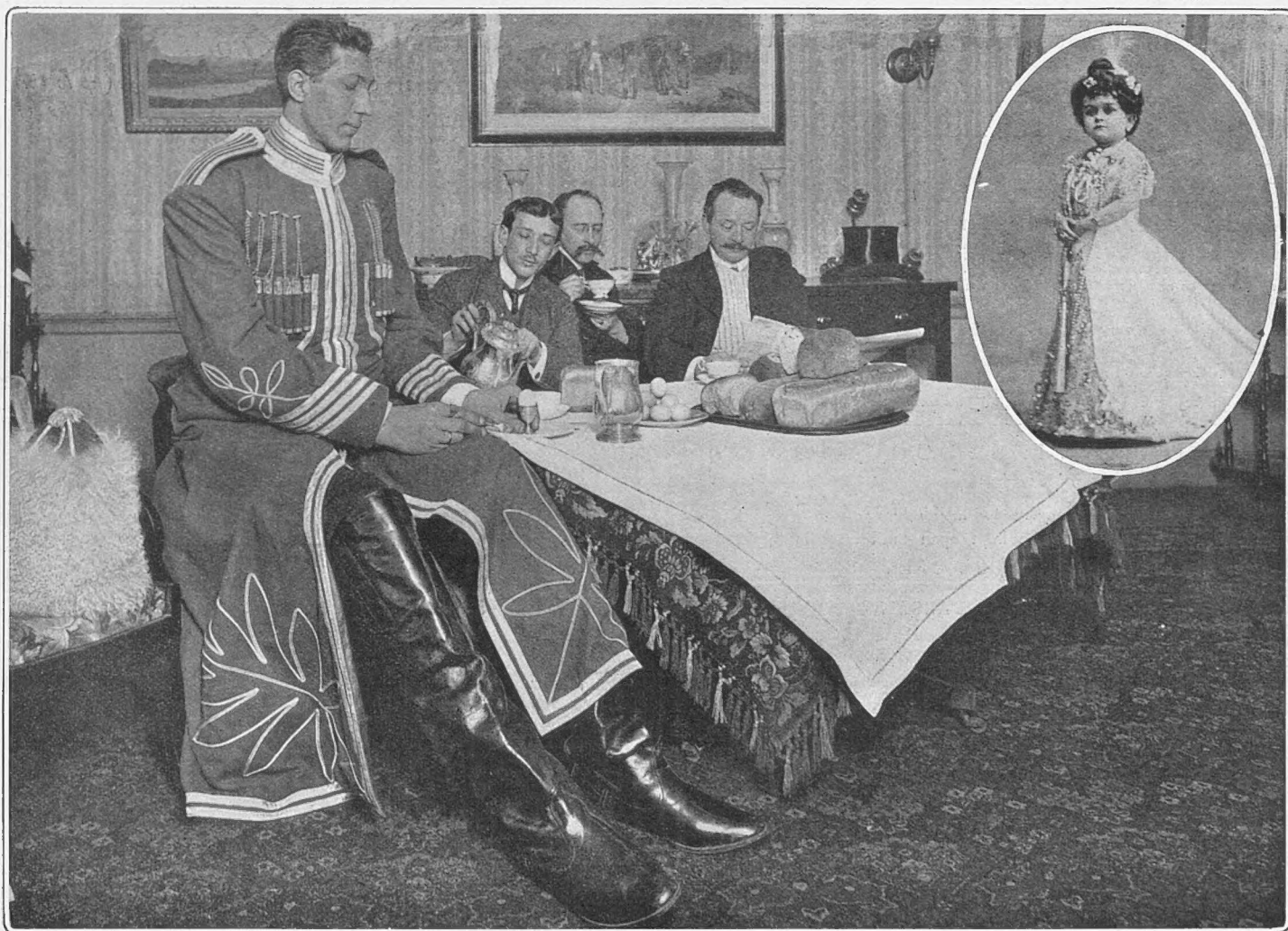


A RIVAL TO EARL'S COURT: MR. IMRE KIRALFY'S PLEASURE-GROUNDS AT UXBRIDGE AS THEY WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

About May of next year, Mr. Imre Kiralfy will throw open to the public a gigantic new pleasure-ground on a site of nearly eighty-eight acres which abuts on the Uxbridge Road, near the Central London Tube Station. Mr. Kiralfy intends to combine modern sport and competitions with numerous novel attractions of a general nature, and his exhibition will boast an Automobile Race-track of one and a-quarter miles to the lap, and a Sports Ground of over six hundred thousand square feet, with a large football-field, a cinder-path, and a cycle-track. A spacious Clubhouse and a garage for over three hundred motor-cars will be provided, and a great National Sports Club organised.

*By Courtesy of Mr. Imre Kiralfy.*

THE 20-INCH MILE. CHIQUITA, WHO INTRODUCES  
THE 116-INCH MACHNOW.



A GARGANTUAN REPAST: MACHNOW, OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME, AT BREAKFAST.

Machnow, the Russian Giant who is appearing at the London Hippodrome, has an appetite fitting his size. His usual breakfast is said to consist of two quarts of milk, twelve eggs, and two large loaves. His lunch consists of three pounds of meat, vegetables, five pounds of potatoes, and a quart of beer; for dinner he frequently has soup, from three to five pounds of meat, vegetables, three pounds of bread, and two quarts of beer. His supper is comparatively light—ten to fifteen eggs, bread-and-butter, and a quart of tea.

*Photograph by Campbell-Gray.*



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## GENERAL NOTES.

**MR. ARTHUR LEE**, who awoke one morning to find that his name had become familiar throughout Europe, is very popular in the House of Commons. He has many friends on both sides, and everyone recognises his ability. His strong face quickly attracted attention while he sat among other young men below the gangway, and the House soon became familiar with the Military Attaché who was with the United States Army in Cuba and who became a favourite at Washington. While a private member, Mr. Lee was a frank critic of the military administration of the Government, but, although trenchant, he was never bitter. His promotion to the Treasury Bench after only three years' experience in the House was rapid, but it caused no surprise. Perhaps the greatest surprise in Mr. Lee's own life was the sensation caused in Germany by his allusion to the new distribution of naval power. He is only thirty-seven. His wife is a New York lady.

While there is so much talk about bombs in Russia, it is worth recalling that one of the bombs which Orsini and Pietri used against Napoleon III. is preserved in the Musée de l'Opéra at Paris. It is a relic of the first attempt with bombs, and it differs very considerably from the bombs which are now used. It is in the shape of a huge chestnut, the prickles of which are formed by cartridges which exploded on being struck. The interior, which has, of course, been emptied, contained bullets, nails, and a high explosive. These bombs were thrown by hand, and burst against whatever they hit. Two of them were thrown at the Emperor's carriage on Jan. 14, 1858; and, though the Emperor was unharmed, several persons in the crowd were killed and wounded. The third, which is that now in the Museum, was seized in the hands of one of the conspirators as he was in the act of throwing it.

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Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

### TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

### GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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A BRAVE RUSSIAN ACTRESS:  
MADAME MITCHURINA.

Photograph by Mrosowsky.

receive a kind note from Miss Charlotte Knollys and a bunch of lovely flowers, sent by the Queen and by the Royal convalescent. We may be sure that the pretty gift, and the note written on Buckingham Palace paper, were far more prized by the respectable working-folk to whose child so charming an answer was returned than would have been a gift of a more material nature.

*A Brave Russian Actress.*

St. Petersburg is still talking of the bravery of Madame Mitchurina, one of the leading actresses at the Imperial Alexander Theatre. A few nights ago, this lady was warned that the theatre had been selected as the scene of a riot, and she was told that, whatever happened, she must go on playing her part, the play being, oddly enough, an adaptation of the French comedy, "Decadence." Every fifth member of the audience was a police-agent, and it is easy to realise how terrible must have been the strain of acting under such conditions. So admirably did she perform her task that the audience were so pleased with her acting that they took no notice of the disturbing elements about them, and the evening passed off quietly.



A BEAUTIFUL IRISH GIRL: MISS JUDITH PENROSE,  
A DUBLIN DÉBUTANTE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Room is very splendid, especially when Royalty is there, as was the case when Miss Claudia Campbell and Miss Judith Penrose were presented.

## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE QUEEN certainly possesses the genius of kindness. This was shown in a striking manner last week, when a little Camberwell invalid, on the eve of going into one of our palaces of pain—in this case the Brompton Hospital—wrote a short note of sympathy to Princess Victoria. The little girl, who rejoices in the alliterative name of Violet Victoria Velden, was amazed the next day to

*Reiss and Roubles.*

Colonel Reiss, who was accompanying General Stoessel at Colombo, has stated that Port Arthur could not have held out a moment longer. That was to be expected; it is the reason given that is extraordinary: "The contents of the military treasury had dwindled to fifteen roubles," says Reuter. Little wonder that it is argued that the power of money is on the increase.

*An Anglo-American Alliance.*

The marriage of Miss Alice Blight, daughter of Mr. Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Gerard Lowther will strengthen and bind yet closer the many links existing between the Old World and the New. The popular diplomatist's bride is a pretty American heiress, clever, witty, and agreeable, as all Transatlantic belles seem to be, and already conversant with the world of which she will now form a part. Mr. Gerard Lowther was one of the late Lord Pauncefoot's most trusted lieutenants at Washington, and is now British Minister at Tangier.



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE: MISS ALICE BLIGHT,  
WHO IS TO MARRY MR. GERARD LOWTHER  
ON THE 28TH.

Photograph by Gilliam's Press Syndicate.

*The King at Stowe House.*

The visit recently paid by the King to Stowe House has two points of uncommon interest that have not been generally commented upon. One of these is that His Majesty accompanied Lord Rosebery with a view to assisting him to fulfil the duties of his position as trustee under Cecil Rhodes's will, by advising him as to the purchase of certain of the art treasures in the mansion for the British Museum. The other is that, as a correspondent of the *Westminster* reminds us, Lady Kinloss should, according to the will of Henry VIII., be occupying the throne of these realms. Had not Edward Seymour, Lord Beauchamp, waived the claim of the Suffolk line to which the failing issue of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, the Crown should pass to the children of his sister Mary by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Lady Kinloss might have been Queen of England to-day instead of a Peeress of Scotland in her own right.

*A Farn of the "Victoria and Albert."*

A Ser-vice-wag has it that the instability of the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* is to be charged to the discredit of a computer, who accidentally added the year of our Lord to a column of figures, and did not realise his mistake until the vessel first took to the water. That computer, on this showing, is, surely, cousin to the waiter who was wont to add to his pourboires by so placing the day of the month upon his bills that he was able to reckon the figures in with the pence.



A BEAUTIFUL IRISH GIRL: MISS CLAUDIA CAMPBELL,  
A DUBLIN DÉBUTANTE.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.





A NOBLE REVIVALIST:  
LORD KINNAIRD.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

thoughtful-looking wife are keenly interested in the series of Revival Meetings at the Albert Hall, and Lord Kinnaird opened the proceedings on the first day.

*Japanese and British Marksmen.* The Mikado's "scientific fanatics" filled some of their compulsory leisure on the bank of the Sha-ho by organising and carrying out a miniature Bisley. Officers, foreign attachés, and civilians were all asked to take part, and no less than five-and-twenty prizes were offered for expertness with the rifle at a range of 280 mètres with a five-ringed target of one metre diameter. Certain of the scores are decidedly interesting: Colonel Hume, of England, and Lieut.-Colonel Iwamitsu, of Japan, tied and led with fourteen points. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who won a barrel of Japanese pickles, followed with twelve; Lieutenant Hoffmann, of Germany, and General Kuroki were each credited with seven; and Major-General Kodama, who is evidently more at home with the sword, only three. All the competitors used weaponstaken from the Russians, and were, thus, placed upon equal terms.



THE ADAPTER OF "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.": MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Mr. Temple Thurston is, of course, the husband of Katherine Cecil Thurston. His adaptation of his wife's book, "John Chilcote, M.P.," is to be produced by Mr. George Alexander on a date yet to be fixed.

Photograph by Beresford.

*Banker, Athlete, Revivalist.* Lord Kinnaird, who has a birthday this week (16th), is a notable type of British Peer. An Old Etonian, he was in his time one of the best, if not the very best, of gentlemen cricketers, and in connection with our national game he has done much good work, founding Clubs and playing all over the country. He is one of the great bankers of the nation, and the Barclay combination is said to have been, in a measure, due to his initiative and financial genius. As all the world knows, Lord Kinnaird and his popular,

and St. Andrews, he is the grandson, through his mother, of the famous Dr. Chambers. Lady Priestley is one of the Ladies of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

*Noble Amateur Actors.* Lord Clifford of Chudleigh is one of the best amateur actors in the kingdom, and his gift is shared by Lord Altamont, the Marquis of Sligo's son, who is appearing with him in the performances of "The Marriage of Kitty" which will take place at the Court Theatre, on Friday and Saturday of this week, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.



A NOBLE AMATEUR ACTOR:  
LORD CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

Lord Clifford has built a charming little theatre at Ugbrooke Hall, and there, each winter, Lady Clifford and he entertain many distinguished players, the whole party taking part in a series of plays calculated to show their range and versatility.



THE MIRACULOUS BAMBINO AT ROME, BEDECKED WITH JEWELS BY ROYAL PILGRIMS.

From a Stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood.

*The New Leader of the Divorce Bar.* By the elevation of Mr. Bargrave Deane to the Bench, the Probate and Divorce Bar has a new leader, in the person of Mr. Joseph Child Priestley, most juvenile-looking of prominent lawyers, who assumes the position by reason of the fact that he is now senior King's Counsel in practice at the Court in question, although he only took silk some two years, or rather less, ago. Mr. Priestley is one of the numerous distinguished men who are the sons of distinguished parents: the second son of the late Sir William Overend Priestley, M.D., who, for a time, sat in the House of Commons as representative of the Universities of Edinburgh

original owner. There is likely to be keen competition for them among Orientalists.

It would appear that Mr. Spenser Wilkinson only takes up the reins of office at the *Morning Post* temporarily, for it is now officially announced that Mr. Fabian Ware, who for some years wrote leading articles for the paper, is to be the new editor. Mr. Ware joined the staff of the Transvaal Educational Department some four years ago, and is at present Director of Education in the Transvaal. He was born at Clifton, Bristol; is thirty-six years of age; was for ten years assistant master in secondary schools; and in 1903 was chosen member of the Transvaal Legislative Council.

*Ancient Persian Manuscripts.* Some valuable old Persian manuscripts have just been discovered, not, as might have been supposed, in Persia, but in Paris. Every few years the authorities hold an auction of articles which have been confiscated by the police from thieves and murderers, and among them were found these manuscripts. One of them contains the works of the famous poet Nizami, author of the "Five Treasures of Nizami," while another is a mathematical work, and the others are didactic essays. All of them are written on a fine, soft parchment, which smells strongly of camel's milk. The bindings are very old, and are of leather stamped with gold and silver ornamentation, and most of them are kept in little cases specially constructed for them. They were evidently stolen, but no one knows who was their



ANOTHER "DOUBLE" OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER: MR. ARTHUR APPLIN.

Mr. Applin was amongst the actors named as likely to "double" Mr. George Alexander in "John Chilcote, M.P." As we have already stated in this Journal, Mr. Thorold was, however, eventually chosen.

Photograph by Browne and Co.



*Princess Henry of Pless.* Prince Henry of Pless and his lovely English Princess are spending the spring in London, and their many friends in this country have rejoiced with them in the birth of their second son. "The Princess with the Golden Locks," as she was early nicknamed, fond as she is of her German home, has remained devoted to her native land, and always spends a portion of each year here. She shares her only sister the Duchess of Westminster's love of sport and yachting; and she can, of course, indulge her tastes more freely here than in Germany.

*The "Fool-Killer."* Whether or no Peter Nissen's theory that it is possible to travel safely over land and water in the apparatus he invented for the purpose is correct still remains to be proved, for, although the constructor lost his life in crossing Lake Michigan in it, there seems little doubt that had aid been awaiting him on the Michigan shore "Fool-Killer No. 3" would not have fulfilled the promise of the name he gave it. Certain it is that it proved its ability to roll with the wind over land, water, and ice. The description of it, however, does not suggest luxurious transport. It was made, we are told, of heavy canvas, and, when inflated, was thirty-



PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

Photograph by Lafayette.

been generally taken, in part at all events, as the reason, a communication stating that "The Imperial Ottoman Government declares that Mr. Albert Ghica, a Roumanian subject, born of Roumanian parents, and who styles himself 'His Highness Prince Ghica,' has no right whatever to represent himself as having claims to a so-called Albanian throne." To this "Mr. Ghica" has replied that he holds official documents substantiating his claim to the title of Prince; that he has never been a pretender to the throne of Albania, but was elected supreme chief of the movement for promoting Albanian independence; that he will do everything possible to relieve Albanians of the shameful tyranny of the Turk; and that he has the deepest contempt for the Turkish Government. Both Miss Dowling and the Prince deny emphatically that the marriage is broken off.

*A Royal Denial.* King George of Greece shattered a delightful story when he denied the widely circulated report that his yacht had been fired upon by the notorious Baltic Fleet while on her way from Denmark to France. Many a writer would have given much to have been able to substantiate the statement and to have placed Royal yacht and trawlers upon a level, but it was not to be. King George's refutation was



"FOOL-KILLER NO. 3" BEING ROLLED INTO LAKE MICHIGAN.



THE "FOOL-KILLER" STARTING ON ITS FATEFUL JOURNEY ACROSS THE LAKE.

THE "FOOL-KILLER" THAT JUSTIFIED ITS NAME.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

eight feet long and twenty-two feet in diameter. At each end was a port-hole; through the centre ran a shaft hung from cords fastened round the inside, in the same manner as the spokes in a wheel; on this shaft was a sliding seat, so arranged that its occupant could, by moving towards the sides, steer his strange craft by throwing up one end or the other to catch the wind; a two-inch hose through one end of the balloon allowed for a supply of air; and a special pump prevented the ingress of water. Surely, these particulars alone are likely to limit the number of the unfortunate Nissen's imitators.

*Prince Albert Ghica and the Turkish Government.* Additional evidence, if evidence be wanted, of the eternal romance of the world is provided by the love affairs of Prince Albert Ghica of Roumania and Miss Madge Dowling, whose engagement was formally announced last Christmas. A fortnight or so ago the Prince himself stated, in the presence of his fiancée, that, for formal reasons, their wedding had been postponed. Then, later, came what has



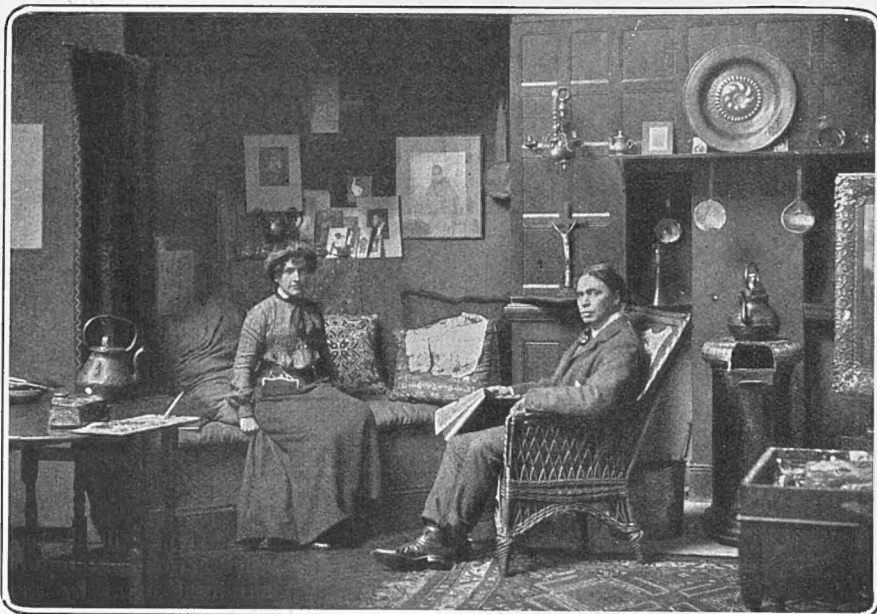
A TWENTIETH-CENTURY ROMANCE: PRINCE ALBERT GHICA OF ROUMANIA AND MISS MADGE DOWLING.

Photograph by Thomson.

as prompt as it was emphatic: "I have the honour to inform you . . . that the Royal yacht never came in sight of the Russian Baltic Fleet at any time or place. (Signed) Boudouris, Captain of the Royal Yacht and A.D.C." No doubt, a fortunate circumstance.

*The Titles of the New Peers.* It must be agreed that both Sir Francis Jeune and Mr. Graham Murray chose their new titles with considerable reason, and the new President of the Court of Session must feel a little regretful that Colonel Murray-Graham should have raised an objection to his proposed assumption of the style of Lynedoch. It would have been excellent, indeed, could he have thus revived the Barony bestowed on his kinsman, Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, who, discarding the ploughshare for the sword, rose to the rank of General, served with the greatest distinction throughout the Peninsular War, and was rewarded with the Barony aforesaid. Still, after all, Colonel Murray-Graham and his son are the more direct





THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE SKETCH CLUB AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR STUDIO: MR. AND MRS. W. LEE HANKEY.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

representatives of the soldier-Baron, and the new Peer has but done the courteous thing in bowing to his relative's wish that he should not deprive his branch of the family of the opportunity of reinstating the title in the pages of Burke and Debrett. Sir Francis Jeune's proposal that he shall be known as Lord St. Helier, of St. Helier, in the island of Jersey, and of Arlington Manor, in the county of Berks, is not likely to cause opposition, and must be said to be an excellent one. Not only was he himself born in St. Helier, when his father was Dean of the island, but his family lived in or near there for several generations.

"R. L. S." and Mr. Graham Murray. Speaking of the new Lord President reminds us that the *Law Times* recalls the fact that Mr. Graham Murray was the intimate friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, and that it was to him that Stevenson turned for the solution of a problem in legal procedure when he was engaged upon the writing of his last romance, the fragmentary "Weir of Hermiston." That the novelist should have found it necessary

to consult his friend upon such a point is of particular interest in view of the fact that, early in his too brief career, he took to the study of law, giving it "a certain amount of serious, although fitful, attention until he was called to the Bar" in 1875.

*Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hankey.* The brilliant artist who has just accepted the Presidency of the Sketch Club is not only something more than a prophet in his own country, but he is held in high honour abroad, for one of his most charming works, "A Rustic Toilet," hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hankey are deservedly popular in the art-world, for they are ever ready to extend a helping hand and to show hospitality to the young and struggling members of their profession.

*Changes in Parliament.* Parliament at its reassembling has missed several old, familiar faces. From the House of Lords, Viscount Ridley, an ex-Home Secretary, and the Earl of Hardwicke, Under-Secretary for India, have gone to join the majority. The House of Commons has lost two of its most notable figures, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. James Lowther: men who have not left their like. Friends mourn also for Mr. Spencer Charrington, for Mr. Heywood Johnstone, and for Mr. Wingfield Digby. The recess deprived the Nationalists also of Mr. Leamy, one of the

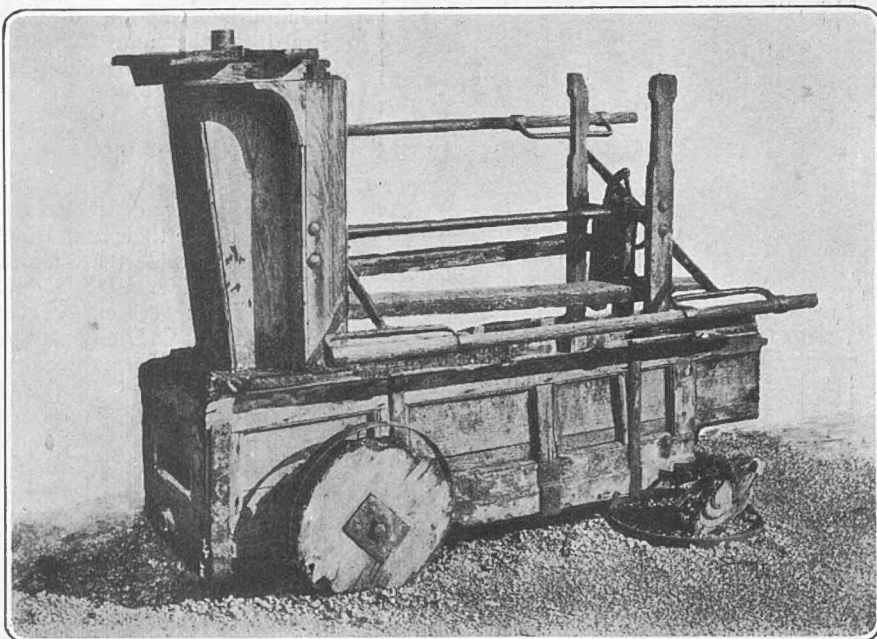
Hon. F. The'ussou. Lord Savile. Mr. F. H. Roberts. Mr. C. Robinson. M. de Pape. Count de Robiano.



"Doris" (Dr. Doyen). Baron A. de Tavernost. Sir Thos. Freake. M. Journu. Baron Langhendouck. Marquis Kidohn.

SOME FAMOUS PIGEON-SHOTS: AN INTERESTING GATHERING AT NICE.

Photograph by Regnaud, Paris.



AN ANTIQUE FIRE-ENGINE STILL IN USE NEAR LISKEARD, CORNWALL: LOOE'S ONLY APPARATUS FOR FIGHTING FLAMES.

This engine turned out recently in response to an alarm of fire. The inhabitants of Looe are now agitating for something more up-to-date.

Photograph by Gibson and Sons.

ablest and most experienced men in their ranks. It was an unusually fatal recess, and was specially unfortunate for the Government, which lost two seats in the by-elections.

There are two changes in the Government since last Session. The Cabinet has been weakened in the House of Commons by the elevation of Mr. Graham Murray to the Scottish Bench. His successor, the Marquis of Linlithgow, is in the Upper House; and the Marquis of Lansdowne has another new colleague there in the person of the Marquis of Bath, who now represents the India Office as Under-Secretary. Of the Cabinet as reconstituted there are nine members in the House of Lords and ten in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet consisted of five Peers and twelve commoners.

*The King of Spain's Trip.* Several dates have been announced for the King of Spain's visit to the Courts of Europe this year, but no time has as yet been decided upon, and for a very good reason. The King cannot travel while the Ministerial crisis is on, nor while the Cortes is sitting, and, so far, Señor Villaverde has not settled on his plans. If the Cortes is adjourned till May, as is most likely, the King will start for Paris in April, and this is what will most probably happen. While the King is in Paris he will stay at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, in the suite of apartments on the first floor which was occupied by the King and Queen of Italy when they went to Paris in 1903. King Alfonso's next visit will be to London, so we may expect him here about the third week in April.



FROM DALY'S TO THE APOLLO.



MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN,  
WHO HAS REPLACED MR. LAWRENCE REA AS FLORESTAN DE VALINCOURT.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IT is not easy to snub a Continent, but, if the Japanese Ambassador to Paris is reported aright, he has accomplished the difficult task in most delicate and pleasing fashion. He is reported to have remarked that for the past half-century Japan has been sending to the West some of the most beautiful art-work the world has ever seen. Silks, lacquers, bronzes, delicate designs in ivory-work, and other things of equal merit have spread the fame of the Island Kingdom among the connoisseurs of all nations, and yet Japan was regarded as a country whose acquaintance with civilisation was of the slightest. In the past twelve months, however, Japanese soldiers have killed some seventy thousand Russians, and now Europe accepts the civilisation of the Mikado's devoted people as a fact that is not open to controversy. Not even Heine, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Jean Paul Richter, had they met for the purpose, could have bettered this. It is not offensive, it is not arrogant, but, to use a homely phrase, it hits us where we live.

*Paris in London.* I have been reading in my paper about a suggested Paris quarter for London. The idea seems to be to establish some shops and restaurants in a chosen spot and to conduct them as though this were France instead of England. A few years ago, I should have been full of faith and hope in such a scheme. I should have seen in my mind's eye the open-air café that London lacks, a place that could be closed against the rain and opened to the sunshine. And when our stay-at-home citizens had learned the uses and qualities of a café, I should have expected to see the Thames Embankment promoted to some position of permanent utility. Experience has taught me not to hope; I do not even agitate. Not so long ago, the attempt was made, and, as soon as the café was built, the local authorities said, in effect, to the proprietor: "How dare you be so bad and bold and Continental as to erect an open-air café! Shut up." The proprietor shut up, and the local authorities, having exercised their local authority, were, doubtless, well pleased with themselves. If, in consideration of the *entente cordiale*, the powers that be will allow us to sit and smoke our cigarettes over a cup of coffee in the open air, the introduction of Paris to London may be a success. If they are still adamant, not to say wooden-headed, Paris will remain with the Seine.

*King Oscar's Retirement.*

The news that King Oscar has retired from the active business of State will surprise very few people. Sweden's veteran ruler has borne the burden of life for some seventy-six years and the cares of Kingship for nearly half that period. His country's fortunes are best judged by the fact that they claim so little of the attention of our Press; but Sweden has problems in plenty—her proximity to Russia and her association with Norway suffice to supply them. Lately, certain questions relating to the consular service have created very considerable unrest, and King Oscar may fairly urge that he has served his country

long enough. The Crown Prince, Gustave, Duke of Wermland, who will take over the responsibility for State affairs, is not very well known outside his own country. Like so many of the Northern Princes, he is devoted to sport and is a good shot. If he can reconcile Kristiania and Stockholm he will have justified his appointment. I suppose the chief interest in questions relating to Sweden, so far as this country is concerned, lies in the fact that we do more trade with the people than any of our rivals. The next interest comes from consideration of Norway and Sweden as sporting centres. The fishing in the one and the shooting in the other are quite of the first class, and grow more popular with Englishmen year by year.

*The Rush to Rome.*

How curiously the patronage of winter's holiday-makers shifts and changes! Time was when Monte Carlo was the goal; then people spread across to the Italian Riviera. A few years later there was a big movement in the direction of the Pyrenees, and, a year or two after, Egypt was receiving many visitors who were crossing the Mediterranean for the first time. For this winter

Rome seems to have been taken into special favour. Every second or third person who is going abroad, or has gone, seems to have chosen the Eternal City, though, doubtless, the cold weather prevailing there will persuade a large part of them to seek the South of Italy, where, by the way, Capri is coming into special favour. I am always sorry for the people who see Rome for the first time now. In the past decade the city has been suffering terribly from the assaults of the commercially inclined builder. This ultra-modern Vandal has erected some of the ugliest buildings you could desire not to see, and the ever-increasing poverty of the nobility has helped his wicked work until there are quarters that a man who knows his history is bound to avoid.



SANDY JAMIESON: *It's a mercy it's only ma heid! It micht 'a' been ma new five-an'-ninepenny hat!*

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



YOUNG PLAYERS OF THE DAY, AND A POSSIBLE PLAYER OF THE FUTURE.



A FAMILY LIKENESS: THE DAUGHTER OF MISS FANNY WARD (MRS. LEWIS).

*Photograph by Langfier.*



TWO PRETTY CHILD ACTRESSES: MISS PHYLLIS DARE AND MISS MAIDIE ANDREWS AS CHARLEY AND CISSIE IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

*Photograph by Whitlock.*



A BRAVE ACTRESS: MISS CECILIA LOFTUS, WHO HAS DEFIED HER DOCTORS BY LEAVING HOSPITAL TO JOIN HER COMPANY AT TORONTO.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*

Miss Cecilia Loftus has been seriously ill, but it is reported that, acting against the advice of her physicians, she has left the hospital at Akron, Ohio, in which she was being treated, in order to join her Company at Toronto.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE EMPIRE'S PREMIÈRE DANSEÛSE: Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE.

*Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.*



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND" AND "THE LADY OF LEEDS."

PRESUMABLY "John Bull's Other Island" was successful in the autumn, seeing that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker have revived it—for matinées only, alas. It is noteworthy that such a play should enjoy success at matinées, since everybody is aware that matinée playgoers belong chiefly to the sex that dons stage-obscuring headgear, and, moreover, the play is chiefly political. One welcomes any measure of success to Mr. Shaw as a dramatist, for, as a rule, his remarkable pieces are treated with curious injustice. There are many people who take "G. B. S." to be a charlatan, an eccentric person with a touch of genius, no conscience, and a carefully calculated form of insanity employed in a catch-penny fashion. It is easy to make this mistake, but the fact is that, despite certain fads and fancies with which I have no sympathy, he is profoundly sane and deeply in earnest. It must be admitted that a bubbling sense of humour causes him sometimes to indulge indiscreetly in the joy of shocking the Philistines. Perhaps in early days he acted as a public jester a little in order to attract attention. Now, however, that sort of thing is needless, and one regrets the fact that occasionally a suspicion arises that a particular matter is due to the desire to horrify the *bourgeois*. "John Bull's Other Island" stands out as the only real political play of our times that has reached the footlights, as a work remarkably luminous concerning the Irish, as a drama peculiarly interesting and diverting, despite its lack of movement and excess of length.

Some of the critics pretend that all the characters talk Shaw. For a long time it has been the correct thing to say this of every play by the author; this sort of "correct thing" saves thinking. As a matter of fact, all the characters talk in an interesting way, and so suggest Shaw; but the marvel of the work lies in the fact that at least half-a-dozen persons in it express different views as regards our relations with our sister country, and are nicely enough individualised to show that their ideas come from their hearts and brains and that they are living, different people. The person presented superbly by Mr. Louis Calvert—subject to an allowance for a permissible touch of exaggeration, introduced for the purpose of satire—is one of the most amazingly true and humorous characters in drama, and even those with political views whose withers are wrung cannot help amusement at this cruel study of the well-meaning, commonplace, phrase-fed, philosophical Radical. Broadbent is certainly one of the most brilliant creations of modern comedy, and the only drawback about him is that full appreciation of the humour demands a little, not much, thought and knowledge of political ideas and ideals. His scenes with Nora, delightfully represented by Miss Ellen O'Malley, give pleasure even to those who know nothing of politics. It may be admitted that the author is not a sufficiently severe critic of himself, and sometimes lets his pen run away, so that scenes are occasionally continued beyond their apogee, but it is easy to forgive superfluous phrases when they are witty. Many of the old cast are still in the bill, playing admirably, and, since "The Lady of Leeds" is awaiting my attention, I must pass by the others.

It was rather a mistake to hurry off to "The Lady of Leeds," for the new play is a poor thing. Captain Marshall's sense of humour cannot have been fully awake when he decided to use a practical joke as basis for his modern treatment of "The Lady of Lyons," to which play there might well have been some reference on the programme. Those people to whom the humour of a practical

joke appeals may like the new piece. It looks, however, as if, after starting his work, the author felt that there was a danger of its seeming odious, which induced him to try to render it digestible by making it quite incredible. Certainly the play has less than the standard of verisimilitude necessary for good farce, and it lacks the bustle and mechanical movement that sometimes give animation to indifferent farces. Apart from the stale business of a boating accident which causes the two chief characters to appear dripping, and the absurd comicalities of a bridge episode belonging to the same standard of plausibility as a musical-comedy low-comedian's humours, the piece proceeds with a solemn absence of action that suggests ambitious comedy. I had forgotten a deplorable piece of burlesque singing by Mr. Weedon Grossmith.

Steadily and tranquilly the practical joke marches along, unaided by any kind of auxiliary plot, unassisted by any characters merely ancillary to it. One would have admired sincerely a comedy in which the author showed such a daringly strict devotion to his theme; but when the theme is merely the practical joke played by an Irish Peer and an English Colonel on a wealthy young woman, to whom they present as a foreign Prince a beggarly out-of-work waiter, to whom they promise forty pounds if he will and can dupe her into getting engaged to him, the devotion is painfully misplaced and the theme soon seems horribly threadbare. The trouble does not end here, for, having carried through the practical joke to the moment of triumph, when the poor girl finds out how meanly her weakness for royalty has been played upon, the author finds himself in a great difficulty about ending his play, and is reduced to employing telegrams and a newspaper announcement—stage business, in fact, almost coeval with the birth of Bulwer-Lytton's play—in order to render it possible for the victim of the practical joke to marry the ex-waiter; even then we are left to assume that she would marry and could be happy with the dirty-souled little black-guard.

The piece gives one the idea that success has played the author an ugly trick, has caused him to think that, with his rich supply of

easy wit, the one agreeable feature of the farce, and his knowledge of the stage and its tricks, he can carry any theme to success. Much of the piece gives the idea of having been written at racing speed, and without consideration of the actual effect of one scene upon another. One is not hostile because the play is farce—no critic is so severe as to turn up his nose at good farce—but because it is ill-imagined and shoddily constructed. Some excellent acting proved of little avail. It must be mentioned that the play caused a good deal of laughter, gradually diminishing in volume and frequency. The experienced playgoer knows exactly how Mr. Weedon Grossmith would play such a part as the modern Claude Melnotte. The actor is not one to modify for particular parts the method by which he has earned great popularity. Miss Nancy Price, the Pauline of the play, did not suggest a North Country vulgarian, but gave a clever, nicely coherent study of a Cockney; perhaps she was a little slow at times, but slowness was a fault of all the Company and of the play. Miss Fortescue, as the stately, aristocratic companion, showed something of the grand style of acting and gave the best work of the evening. Miss Maud Wynter, with some ingenuity, gave a little touch of freshness to a soubrette part. Mr. Vane Tempest acted with ease and decision of style the ugly part of one of the contemptible conspirators.



MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr. Gerald Lawrence is at present on tour with Sir Henry Irving, and is playing such parts as Henry II. in Tennyson's "Becket." His wife is best known to the theatre-going public as Miss Lillian Braithwaite.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



"THE CHILD BARRIE'S" FANTASY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

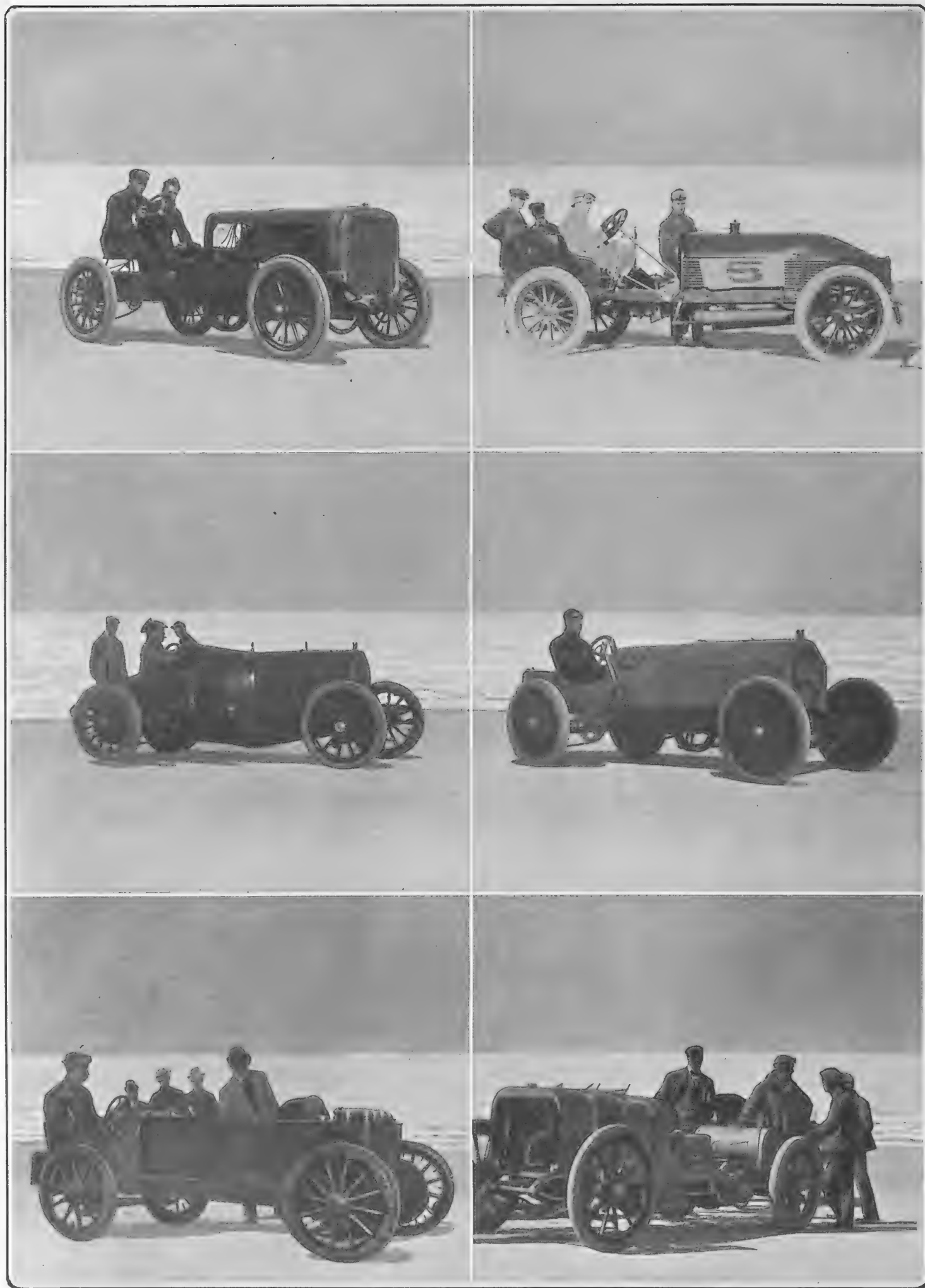
*Photographs by Ellis and Walery.*



The first twin (Miss Pauline Chase) and the second twin (Miss Phyllis Beadon) are members of Peter's band, and accompany him on his adventures in the Never, Never, Never Land, Under the Ground, and on the Pirate Ship. Tiger Lily, the Redskin (Miss Miriam Nesbitt), falls in love with Peter Pan and has no hesitation in telling him so. Peter, however, will have nothing of her love.



## MOTOR MONSTERS AT DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA.



WEBB ON HIS 60 HORSE-POWER POPE TOLEDO.

S. D. STEVENS ON HIS 90 HORSE-POWER MÉRCEDES.

WALTER CHRISTIE ON HIS 60 HORSE-POWER CHRISTIE.

A. E. MACDONALD ON THE 90 HORSE-POWER NAPIER ON WHICH HE BROKE A WORLD'S RECORD.

E. R. THOMAS ON HIS 90 HORSE-POWER MÉRCEDES.

FRANK H. CROKER ON THE 75 HORSE-POWER SIMPLEX ON WHICH HE MET HIS DEATH.

The Florida East Coast Automobile Association's Annual Mid-winter Motor Race-meeting began on Ormond-Daytona Beach on the twenty-third of last month. Two days before the meeting, Frank H. Croker, son of Mr. Richard Croker, was fatally injured. Seeking to avoid a motor-chair car, he endeavoured to turn his machine sharply, but the damp sand held his wheel and ripped off one of the tyres, with the result that the car was overturned into a foot of water. The driver, Raoul, was killed outright, but Mr. Croker lingered for some hours. Mr. A. E. Macdonald's time for the five miles was, as already recorded in this Journal, 3 min. 17 sec.



THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



V.—THE EQUILIBRIST.

"THEY THAT STAND HIGH HAVE MANY BLASTS TO SHAKE THEM;  
AND IF THEY FALL THEY DASH THEMSELVES TO PIECES."—*"RICHARD III.," Act 1., Scene 3.*

*Titles Travestied.*

*By H. C. Sandy.*



THE ORCHID.



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON



SUZANNE THE FIRST, AND SECOND.



THE FIRST: MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Miss Marie Tempest, who has made so decided a success in "The Freedom of Suzanne" at the Criterion, was recently out of the cast for a few days, owing to indisposition. Her part was admirably played, during her absence, by her sister, Miss Florence Tempest.



THE SECOND: MISS FLORENCE TEMPEST.

*Photographs by Lallie Charles.*

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

### "VON S TSAREM!"\*

"IS there a man in the world who would change places with Nicholas Alexandrovitch? To live in an inferno of terror; without a true friend in the world; nourished with flattery and falsehood; surrounded by spies and prying courtiers; distrustful of the truth, and of the honest men who tell it; satisfied with pomp and circumstance and empty power." Well, if Dr. Joubert has a good foundation of fact for the extraordinary book he has just given to the world, the answer to the pertinent query that closes its sixteenth chapter must surely be a decided negative, and we can well understand why the dreaded cry "Von s Tsarem!" ("Away with the Tsar!") rings nowadays from the White Sea to the Crimea, from Warsaw to the Ural Mountains. The author's writing is vivid and rooted in the deepest feeling; he passes equally readily from wit to pathos, from venomous satire to sound logic, and, though he makes statements that sound at times irrelevant and cruel, his book seems to have something of the quality of the trumpet-calls that brought the walls of Jericho to the ground.

Here is a specimen of his word-pictures—

Stand with me on the railway-station at Radzivilishki. There is a long train beside the platform crowded with poor reservists. The first bell has rung, and wives with tear-stained faces cling pitifully to their husbands' necks; and children stand by whimpering and holding their fathers' hands. The bell again. An old woman in rags caresses her son's face in her hands; but she cannot speak, nor even cry. Her heart is dead—she glares at the railway-carriages hopelessly; and yet she does not understand. Then the last summons of the bell. The police, stretching out their arms, join hands and push the people back. With a mournful shriek the engine draws them slowly away—away. A bitter cry of anguish goes up from the platform. Someone is down; and a girl is bending over a body on the ground. It is the old woman, who has dropped dead.

There is no very fine writing here, but the tragedy it describes will remain in our memories undisturbed by the news of infinitely greater catastrophes. When Dr. Joubert turns to the causes that brought the war about and throws light upon the corruption that thrives throughout Russia, he is able to express as much in a paragraph as would serve to fill a volume written by men who had less to say—

In the months of April, May, and June the Tsar paid for an enormous amount of hay for the army in Manchuria. When the contract was completed and the contractor had been paid, an officer whose duty it was to check the amount supplied discovered that the contractor had only delivered about one-third of the order, though he had received payment in full. Nothing would induce that officer to change his figures, and he made his report accordingly to his superior officer. The superior officer raised his eyebrows, hummed and hawed, and finally pointed out to his subordinate that he was making a very grave charge against the contractor, but that the matter should be investigated. If he proved to be right in his assertion, all would be well; but if not, it would be a very serious matter for him. The next day it was found that the officer was wrong, and he was summarily dismissed from his post. Shortly after his dismissal he was arrested as a "dangerous person." At this moment, the unfortunate officer, who had no earthly right to be honest, is lingering in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

It would appear that the people responsible for the wholesale army and navy robberies have no use for honest men. Dr. Joubert calls these highly placed chiefs by their names, and denounces specific acts of peculation. Moreover, he declares that the Tsar knows all about the existing corruption, that accounts of it are set upon his table in his private rooms by agents of the Revolutionary Party. The rulers of the Revolutionists hold regular meetings, at which

certain of the country's enemies are doomed to a death from which there is no escape.

Here is the author's account of the acts and warnings given to the late Councillor Plehve—

M. de Plehve had for years carried on a policy of oppression and bloodshed as Minister of the Interior. . . . The Executive Committee wrote and warned him that his persecutions must cease. . . . A second letter was sent to him, which was also disregarded. . . . A full report of the Kishineff outrage came into the hands of the Executive Committee, which proved that de Plehve had actually instructed the head of the police in Kishineff not to interfere or stop the massacre of the Jews. Three weeks later de Plehve received a third letter from the Executive Committee, warning him to make his peace with God, as the fate of Alexander II. awaited him. . . . His precautions enabled him to prolong his life for a year; but on July 28, 1904, he met his fate.

Military stores are being sold in Russia to the Revolutionary Party, details of certain bargains being set down—

Not very far from St. Petersburg, an ordnance officer of the Tsar sold to a certain man not unknown to the chiefs of the Revolutionary Party, who happened to be in need of explosives and who prefers to buy them in the cheapest market, seventy-five thousand roubles' worth of the Tsar's powder for fifteen thousand roubles in cash, which he paid on delivery of the powder at a safe place. Near Riga, twelve thousand of the Tsar's latest-pattern service-rifles were bought by a man who has a future use for them . . . for forty thousand roubles, half in notes and half in gold.

While the Revolutionaries help the Grand Dukes to rob the army, they make what amends they can by circulating the literature of their faith among the Tsar's soldiers. The author declares that, while General Kuropatkin has some three hundred thousand troops under his command in Manchuria, the country has to pay the cost of maintaining a million, so recklessly is money wasted and misappropriated. This extravagance must lead to financial ruin; the treasures of the Greek Church may find their way to the world's sale-rooms; and the action of the great Jewish financial houses in issuing more loans to maintain Tsardom is commented upon with proper severity—

That the Jews should give their support to Nicholas Alexandrovitch is to me inexcusable. Yet I see that Messrs. Mendelssohn and Co., of Berlin, S. Bleichroeder . . . Messrs. Lippmann, and Rosenthal and Co., and others, have undertaken to float a Russian war-loan for the sum of 500,000,000 marks. I wonder what that great philanthropist and philosopher, Moses Mendel, would have said had he known that his descendants would

subscribe money to uphold the power of the Tsars of Russia, who have murdered and oppressed their race for generations, and whose representative to-day is seeking by every means to extirpate the remnant of Israel from Russia? Are Kishineff and Gomel already forgotten?

Dr. Joubert hits hard, and in all directions. His contempt is aroused by the British attitude over the Dogger Bank outrage, and he expresses himself with refreshing directness—

But here in England there is hypocritical nonsense spoken of magnanimity—which would be spelt more correctly fear. . . . We quote our list of battleships as evidence that we are not afraid of Russia, but we do not mention our army and the Indian frontier. We are miserable humbugs—and may the Lord have mercy upon us.

Certainly the author will not show any mercy. Throughout his pages one sees the shadow cast by the coming revolution, one hears the shrill whistle of bullets, the heavy roar of guns, and the shouting at the barricades. Of the uprising and its success the author has no doubts. "There are some," says Elia in a famous essay, "whose hope totters on crutches, others who stalk into futurity upon stilts." Dr. Joubert is of these last.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

CZAR "LOUIS XVI.": NICHOLAS II. IN THE UNIFORM OF HIS COSSACKS.

The Czar is here shown wearing the full-dress uniform of the Cossack, and carrying that most important part of the Cossack's equipment, the "naghaika," the short-handled whip which was so freely applied to the shoulders of the strikers in St. Petersburg recently.



\* "The Truth About the Tsar." By Carl Joubert. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 1905.)



## THE EXAMPLE OF SOCIETY IN "THE WALLS OF JERICHO."



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, WHO PLAYS LADY ALETHEA FROBISHER.

Lady Alethea Frobisher, admirably played by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, is held up as an example of Society as Mr. Sutro sees it, and is the object of the playwright's frank attack. Frivolous, desirous of admiration, careless of her home-duties, she takes her husband into Society, making him an unwilling masquer in the endless masquerade, until he is in danger of becoming nothing more than "Lady Alethea's husband." She is not, however, a bad woman; in her innermost heart, she loves her husband, and, in the end, renouncing London Society, she accompanies him to Queensland, there to live a healthier, homelier life.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HENRY JAMES has made his début as a lecturer in America. It was inevitable. Major Pond is dead, but his spirit survives. Mr. James had never spoken in public till he delivered the lecture on Balzac last month before the Contemporary Club in Philadelphia. Like all Americans, however, he found speaking easy, and his delivery is described as "resonant," which I should scarcely have thought possible. Mr. James pleasantly introduced his lecture by a survey of a group of novelists, among them Jane Austen, whom he thought sufficiently valued, to say the least. Her work as a whole, in his view, presents "no more hold for criticism than is presented by the surface of a smooth, bald egg." Dickens he imagined always as "calling to one's imagination a dismal, large room with unwashed windows," while "George Eliot one sees forever in an afternoon light of the close of day." "Balzac is for all times and weathers, yet he is not a classic." The ladies who sat before Mr. James in attitudes of adoring attention immediately proceeded to the libraries and took out novels by Balzac to such an extent that, according to the latest advices, there is not one left on the shelves of the book-resorts in Philadelphia.

Mr. James contrasted Balzac with Thackeray, characterising Balzac as more humane and fair to his women. Thackeray had no mercy for his Becky Sharp and Blanche Amory, but delighted to scourge the "little, bare, white back" of the latter. Balzac would have granted her "all the privileges of its bareness and whiteness." It is considered in Philadelphia that Mr. James's lecture was entertaining and not too obscure.

Mr. James's view of America is very fully though not too clearly set out in his memoir of W. W. Story, a book which has not attracted enough attention. Story was a sculptor without training, a voluminous writer without distinction, and an inexplicably prosperous man. Mr. James estimates him soundly, but he, perhaps, fails to give him full credit for some really pretty and sentimental lyrics. But the value of the book is in the personal element. Speaking of the Boston of his youth, Mr. James says that "existence gave the sense of a large, square, high-windowed room, all clean and cool and thoroughly swept, of sparse, excellent furniture, and a delicious absence of rubbish. The only quarter where rubbish was more or less tolerated was that of literature; it was not tolerated in the moral quarter or in that of conduct. Every male called his friends 'Mr.' The only relation of intimacy at all conceived was that of a man's fireside, and his intimacy with his wife, his children, and his Creator. And if this was the case for men's relations with other men, it was still more marked for their relations with women. They had none, obviously, but with their proper wives, and with a wife every man was duly provided."

Rufus Griswold, the much-abused biographer of Edgar Allan Poe, peeps out at Mr. James from years of earliest boyhood. "I seem to see him pass in and out of the house of childhood, with a

lurid complexion, long, dark, damp-looking hair, and the tone of conciliation." Evidently a Transatlantic Stiggins with literary tastes.

Of Mr. James's early friends in England, the chief seems to have been Mrs. Procter, the widow of Barry Cornwall and the mother of Adelaide Procter. To Mrs. Procter Kinglake dedicated "Eothen," addressing her as "Our Lady of Bitterness"; and she seems to have deserved the description and she did not resent it. She quarrelled with Kinglake and refused to speak to him for twenty-five years, but the old man attended her funeral. She recalled from her girlhood an occasion on which Leigh Hunt had said in her father's house that he was going up to Hampstead to see what Shelley's "new" wife was like. She also recalled his saying, on her asking him at the next opportunity for news of his friend, "Oh, she's like a cross baby."

An eminent American advertiser has been vexed by jealous grammarians. A man with two College degrees wrote to tell him that he split his infinitives, and that that for a man in his position was very unfortunate. He undertook to give assistance for a thousand pounds the first year and requested a reply by wire. "I told him," says the indignant advertiser, "that I had as much right to make grammar as Sam Johnson or Shakspeare, and that if he chased my infinitives for a week he would get mighty sick of his job." Recovering his calmness, he goes on to say, "In any advertising which I have to write, in any announcement which I have to make, I am careful always to say what I think rather than what I feel, and to say it in everyday, understandable English, and in a plain, straightforward way." No doubt, he succeeds in his aim.

Mr. Baring-Gould has written a new book about South Wales, which will be published by Messrs. Methuen.

Professor Sully, long a well-known resident of Hampstead, has a paper, "Hampstead Revisited," in *Longman's*. He says that cabmen have been keenly alive to its high

situation, and that residents who go much into London need to practise economies. Yet, protected as it has been, the retirement of Hampstead has had to succumb to the march of progress. The tide of Metropolitan expansion flowed resistlessly to the base of the hill and began to creep up towards the doomed village. Flats have been driven like wedges into the most retired and picturesque parts of Hampstead, into the quietest bit of the umbrageous hollow of Frognal, and, most of all, into venerable Church Row itself. Among the inhabitants, according to Mr. Sully, suburban display has taken the place of simple and unobtrusive dignity. Still, much survives which is fitted to charm and console, while the Heath is little altered.

Messrs. Constable will publish Miss Corelli's new volume of essays, and also, I understand, her next novel. Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., of New York, will continue to publish her works in America.

O. O.



TRAMP THE FIRST: 'Ullo, old 'un, are you one o' them aliens?

TRAMP THE SECOND: 'Wot! Me one o' them there dirty, loafin', furrin, peddlin' tramps wot comes here wivout a farden, an' craads the mawkit, an' gets kep' by the likes o' us. Me! Not arf!

DRAWN BY "PIRKIS."



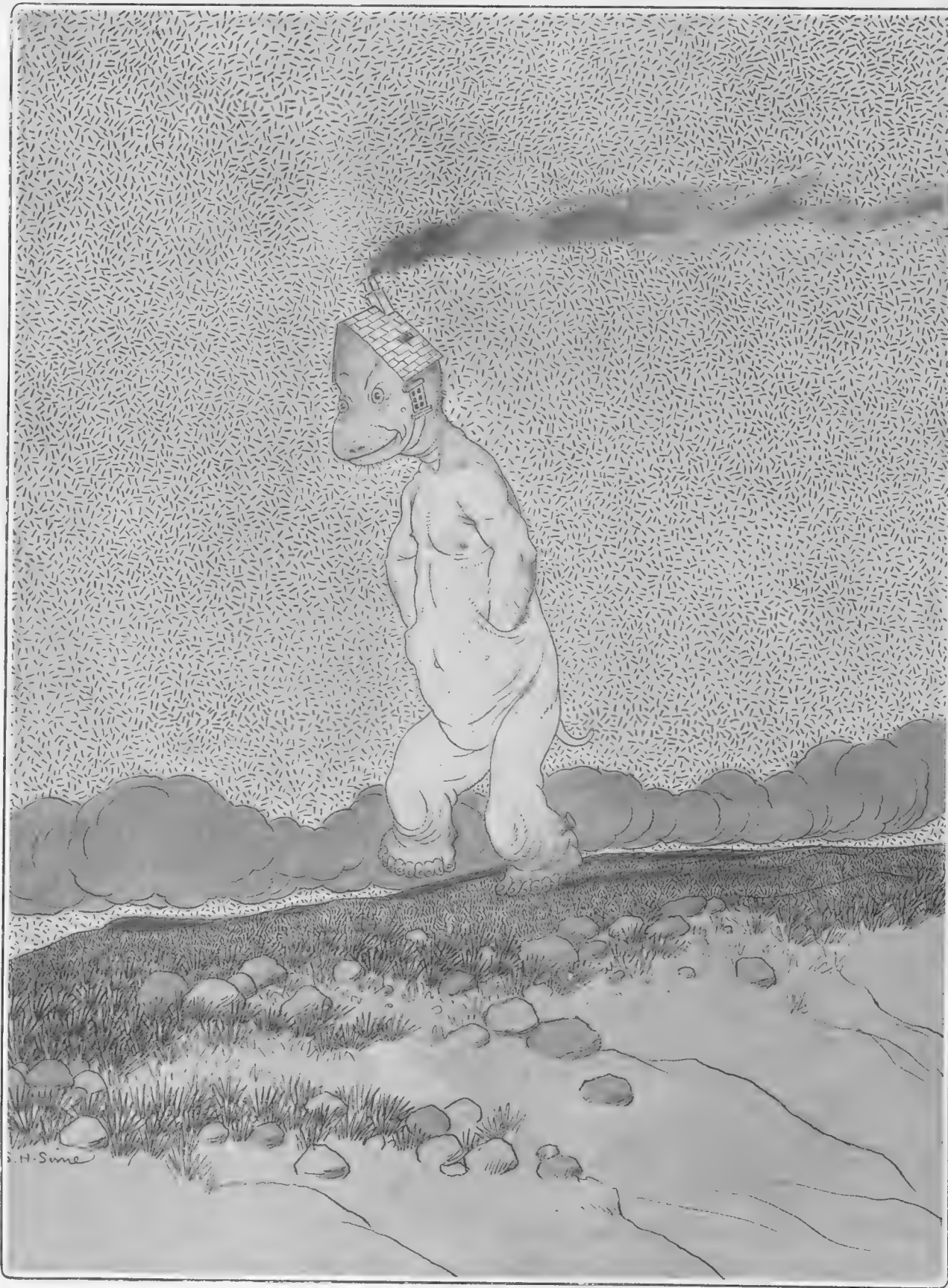
# *Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.*



XII.

"£1,000 WANTED IMMEDIATELY BY GENTLEMAN OF REFINED TASTES—25 PER CENT. OFFERED—  
REPAYMENT AFTER DERBY DAY."

## THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—IV.



The Ta=Ta.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.



THE NEW "LADY MADCAP."



MISS MADGE CRICHTON, WHO IS NOW PLAYING LADY BETTY CLARRIDGE  
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery.*



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

### EYES FRONT.

By THOMAS COBB.



Mr. Percy Harborough, at the age of thirty-two, had a satisfactory income, an extremely susceptible heart, and a pronounced squint. When

morning wrote to ask for an appointment with the famous ophthalmic surgeon, in due course entering his consulting-room feeling almost more nervous than when he had confronted Norah a few days ago. After a careful examination, Sir Edward pronounced the defect to be quite remediable. A simple operation would be necessary, and the fee would be a hundred guineas. The risk was infinitesimal, but Percy must go to a nursing-home to which the surgeon was accustomed to send his patients. It would probably not be necessary to stay there longer than a week.

his right eye was fixed upon an object in front, the left would be turned towards a different object at his side:

Although he stood nearly six feet, was broadly built, and had regular, handsome features, this obliquity gave him a ludicrous appearance which called forth remarks from the trivial-minded. If it could not be denied that he had loved before, Percy Harborough declared that he had never loved any woman as he loved Norah Leighton now.

This declaration was made to her face, in Mrs. Leighton's drawing-room, and Percy looked exceedingly crestfallen when Norah assured him, with admirable self-possession, that she could never consent to become his wife.

She was in her twenty-fourth year, tall, fair-haired, handsome in a style that was almost aggressively robust. Her blue serge skirt was short, and she wore a white, knitted blouse, being on the point of setting out to captain a hockey team in a match a few miles from London.

"If there's anything I can do," persisted Percy, "you—you have only to—give it a name, you know."

"There's really nothing," said Norah, as he stood with one eye fixed imploringly on her face, the other on the window. "And," she added, "I mustn't miss my train."

"Still, there must be a reason," he urged, "and I wish to goodness you would tell me what it is."

Norah shook her head as she glanced at her watch.

"Why won't you tell me?" he demanded.

"Oh, well," she exclaimed, "I have no wish to hurt your feelings."

Taking his hat from the table, and flushing like a girl, he walked to the door; and the next minute Norah had the satisfaction of hearing him leave the house. In the train, with her hockey-club across her knees, she could not help thinking of her recent unprecedented experience, for, although nobody had ever before asked her hand in marriage, she had not omitted to consider the subject so as to be ready for any eventuality. In favourable circumstances, the condition might, perhaps, be tolerable. It would give her even more liberty than she enjoyed at present, together with a larger allowance for dress and pocket-money. It seemed, on the whole, that the disadvantages would be outweighed by the advantages, and she had gone as far as to appraise Percy Harborough as a possible husband. His tendency to sentiment might be cured by judicious snubbing, whereas he possessed an agreeable income, an excellent temper, and the capacity (more or less) to sympathise with her athletic ambitions. Yet there was the one fatal defect, and she could not bring herself to marry a man for whom some of her friends had opprobrious nicknames.

Whilst Norah was distinguishing herself at the hockey match, Percy Harborough felt the need of a confidant, and, after dinner the same evening, sought his friend Spalding, who leaned back in an arm-chair, smoked a pipe, and allowed Percy to talk for as long as he pleased. Spalding knew Norah, and, while admitting that she was a handsome woman, felt that, for his own part, he would as soon marry an iceberg. Still, he tried to regard the matter from his friend's standpoint, and gazed into his pipe-bowl while Percy hinted delicately at the cause of her objection.

"So you think that's the only reason?" asked Spalding.

"I'm as certain as that I'm sitting here."

"Because I didn't think Norah was a marrying sort," said Spalding. "If that is her reason, the matter is entirely in your own hands. Why on earth don't you consult Sir Edward Terence?"

Percy started from his chair as if he had received a sudden revelation. He continued to talk far into the night, and the following

He felt, naturally, eager to get the operation over. He had never yet taken an anæsthetic, and he did not very much like the experience, but he fixed his thoughts on Norah Leighton and assured himself that she was well worth the ordeal.

Still, he felt not a little apprehensive as he alighted from a hansom on Friday evening and rang the bell. With a kit-bag in his hand, he entered the hall, and was at once taken to a room, where the matron invited him to sit down, and told the housemaid to send Sister Eva, who entered a few minutes later.

Sister Eva had only one point of resemblance to Norah Leighton, and this was a complete absence of shyness, although she absolutely lacked Norah's somewhat overwhelming assertiveness. She was a little below the average height, with a slight but bewitchingly curved figure, certainly shown to the most subtle advantage by her light cotton dress, her bib and apron. Her dark hair fell (naturally, Percy felt convinced) into waves over a low forehead, and she had a pair of remarkably sympathetic blue eyes. She was probably about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, and she smiled upon her patient with the most delightful friendliness, which yet lacked any taint of familiarity.

By the matron he was practically handed over to Sister Eva's care for the space of seven days; and, to begin with, she led the way upstairs to what was half a bedroom, half a sitting-room.

"I hope," she said, "that you have had a good dinner, because there will be no breakfast for you to-morrow morning, you understand?"

"I think I have taken every precaution," he answered, and, having found a novel in his bag and been relieved by permission to smoke, Percy settled himself in an arm-chair to read until bedtime. But she was constantly in and out of the room, with the result that his attention wandered from the story, until, at ten o'clock, she bade him good-night and advised him not to sit up late. At seven the next morning, looking delightfully fresh and bright, she re-entered the room.

"Well," she cried, standing at his bedside, "do you feel at all nervous—though I suppose you wouldn't like to own it?"

"Oh, I don't mind owning it," answered Percy.

"By ten o'clock," she said, "it will be all over, only you must understand that your eyes will have to remain bandaged just for a few days."

"How on earth shall I pass the time?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, well, it's part of my duty to make it pass pleasantly," answered Sister Eva, with a smile.

"Mind you perform it!"

"I shall try," she assured him, and, as he lay on his back watching her deft preparations for the surgeon, Percy began to think that his temporary loss of sight would undoubtedly prove a drawback. When everything had been arranged and nine o'clock was drawing near, she seemed to hover more continuously about his bed, and in her manner there appeared to be something almost motherly and protective. On Sir Edward Terence's arrival, accompanied by a man with a rather large brown bag, Sister Eva stood for an instant looking down into Percy's now somewhat pale face with an encouraging smile. Then, without loss of time, the anæsthetist set to work, the surgeon took off his coat, and by ten o'clock, as Sister Eva had predicted, the operation had been successfully performed, Percy Harborough lying with his

[Continued on page 180.]



WITH SIR HENRY IRVING ON HIS FAREWELL TOUR.



MISS MAUD FEALY, WHO IS PLAYING FAIR ROSAMUND IN TENNYSON'S "BECKET."

*Photograph by Bassano.*

eyes closely bandaged, and not knowing exactly where he was or what had been happening to him.

Of actual nursing there was little to be done; whereas the terms of his contract entitled him to Sister Eva's exclusive services. She had the pleasantest of voices, and he listened to it a great deal that day without the least sense of fatigue. She told him stories, and, even when she was silent, her presence seemed to relieve the monotony of the hours. For some days this kind of thing went on, Sir Edward paying regular morning visits, until at last he promised that the bandages might be removed the next time he came.

"I will tell you," said Sister Eva, that expectant evening, "one thing I can't quite understand."

"If you are like me, there are several," answered Percy.

"About you, I mean."

It seemed as if they knew each other quite intimately, and, although a week ago he had not seen her face, he had passed more hours in her society than in that of Norah Leighton, long as he had known her.

"I have seen Sir Edward perform the same operation dozens of times," she continued, "but nearly always on children. As you left it so long, I wonder you did not leave it altogether."

"Well," said Percy, "you see, I never had any particular object to gain until now."

"You make one immensely curious," she cried; "but I suppose I ought to suppress my feelings." But it really appeared that there were few things he could not bring himself to tell her, and, after a few moments' hesitation, Percy made a clean breast of his reason for undergoing his present experience, speaking, however, with far less ardour than had marked his manner to Spalding a week earlier.

Sister Eva sat by the bedside without venturing upon any interruption until his story ended, but then she held her head a little more erect.

"Then, as soon as I release you," she suggested, "you are going to test your fate again?"

"I imagine that's about the size of it," Percy admitted, but still without any superabundant enthusiasm.

"Well!" exclaimed Sister Eva, and then she became suddenly silent.

"What were you going to say?" he asked.

"Nothing of the slightest importance."

"I should like to hear what it was, though."

"Well," she cried, "if I were a man——"

"Rather a small one," he said, turning his face in her direction, although he could see nothing.

"If I were a man——"

"I can't possibly imagine you more than a boy," he answered, and Percy put forth a hand as if to clasp her own, only, having the advantage of uncovered eyes, Sister Eva was able to evade him.

"Please be quiet and don't interrupt," she insisted. "If I were a man, and a woman wouldn't have me just as I was—no, thank you!"

"Still, you might like a fellow and yet feel a kind of repugnance at some—at some peculiar characteristic."

"Utterly impossible!" she retorted.

"Anyhow," said Percy, able to refer to his defect now that he was assured that it had been remedied, "you might excusably prefer your husband's eyes to be a pair."

"If I could think of a man as my husband, I shouldn't bother about anything of that kind. You either love a person or you don't," cried Eva, "and there's an end of it!"

"You think it's as simple a matter as all that?" asked Percy.

"Oh, I am quite positive!"

"You speak from experience?"

"Certainly not."

"From intuition, then?" he suggested, with a smile.

"Well," she answered, "of course, I know what every woman

knows," and her outspoken remarks furnished him with food for reflection during the rest of that evening, so that, later on, she insisted that she had permitted too much talking.

In the meantime, Norah Leighton, happening to meet Spalding one evening, learned that his friend had gone to a nursing-home to undergo an operation.

"He seemed perfectly well a week or so ago!" she exclaimed, with considerable astonishment. "Do you know what is the matter with him?"

"The surgeon was Sir Edward Terence," said Spalding.

"Something to do with the eyes, then?"

"With one eye," was the answer, and Norah laughed as she inquired whether the operation had been successful. "Perfectly," Spalding told her. "They wouldn't let me see the fellow, but his nurse came down to speak to me—uncommonly good-looking girl—and she said he would be out in a day or two."

"Oh, then it won't be long before I see him," said Norah, upon whom Percy's conduct had certainly made an impression. With a man as keen as all that, one could do pretty well as one pleased! Still, she must see him for herself before arriving at a determination. Percy would not allow many days to pass when once he had left the nursing-home. A fortnight, however, went by, and yet there was no sign of him. Questioning Spalding, she learned that Percy had gone into the country.

"I saw him the day before," said Spalding, "but he seemed to be in no end of a hurry. At first, I scarcely recognised the chap—a wonderful improvement, you know."

Norah now began to think it might be possible to regard Percy Harborough more favourably, and after another fortnight had elapsed, still without any word of him, she felt piqued, and even a little disappointed. Then it chanced that she met him one morning in Oxford Street, just outside Marshall and Snelgrove's. The operation, she saw at once, had quite transformed him, and, indeed, it became difficult to realise that this could really be Percy, especially as he showed a disposition to lift his hat and allow her to go her way without a word. Norah, however, would have none of this, but, stopping, offered her hand and cordially bade him good-morning.

"You are quite a stranger!" she exclaimed.

"The fact is," said Percy, with a great deal of embarrassment, "I only came back to London yesterday."

"Ah, you required a change of air after your operation?" she suggested.

"Er—ye—es," answered Percy.

"I heard all about it from Dick Spalding," said Norah. "Are you coming to see my mother this afternoon?"

"Afraid I'm engaged this afternoon, you know," muttered Percy, more embarrassed than ever.

"To-morrow, then?"

"I'm off again to-morrow," he explained. "You see, I'm only passing through."

"Which way are you going now?" she persisted, for really the improvement in his appearance was extraordinary.

"Well," he returned, "I'm not going anywhere."

"You can't stand in the middle of the pavement the whole day, after all!" she cried, with a laugh.

"Seems rather like it," said Percy, tolerantly.

"Oh, then you're waiting for somebody?"

"Why—yes," he answered, and, as he spoke, Eva, no longer in the garb of a hospital-nurse, came out of the shop, carrying a small parcel.

"For anyone I know?" asked Norah, and Eva gazed this way and that before she bore down on Percy Harborough.

"To tell you the truth, I'm waiting for—for my wife," said Percy, feeling her hand on his arm, and, as he turned towards Eva with a sigh as if of intense relief, Norah seized the opportunity to make her escape.

## A VALENTINE SONG.

Sing me a song of Valentine,  
The pleasantest of saints;  
A wreath of rosy ribbons twine:  
Therein, for lovers' plaints,  
Set willow-leaf and columbine;  
Then wear it, little lady mine.

Sing me a song of Valentine,  
And let the song be gay  
With trills and thrills and fancies fine,  
And not one welladay.  
To merry tunes our ears incline,  
Let tears be scattered to the swine.

Sing me a song of Valentine,  
And kiss me ere you sing;  
And, seeing that you still are mine,  
I'll envy ne'er a King:  
Although on venison he dine,  
And mutton feed my Valentine.

NORA CHESSON.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE truth of the proverb that everything comes to him—or her—who knows how to wait is likely to be exemplified in the case of Miss Lena Ashwell and "Leah Kleschna," to the great advantage alike of the playgoing public and the reputation of the brilliant actress who stands in the small band of the elect in her profession. When reference was first made to the play in this column, the chances seemed all in favour of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske coming from New York to play the part of the thief—reclaimed by love—in which she has made so extraordinary a success in the Manhattan Theatre. Recent events have, however, changed this, for the play has been acquired by Mr. Charles Frohman, who has arranged with Sir Charles Wyndham to play the hero in London. This part is that of a French Deputy whose optimistic view of life and his belief that "Men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things" are so signally proved by the rehabilitation of the woman whom he afterwards marries.

Seeing that the part of Leah Kleschna was originally written for Miss Ashwell—indeed, it was inspired by her vivid performance of "The Maslova" in "Resurrection"—it would have been strange had any other actress played it for the first time in London. Naturally, Mr. McClellan, the author, desired that Miss Ashwell should act it, and it need hardly be added that this view was immediately fallen in with. The public will not have to wait long for the production, which will, from all that has been written about it, undoubtedly give a new thrill, for the play will be staged immediately on Sir Charles Wyndham's return from the United States, and will have to be done before Easter.

If the present intention holds, and there is no reason for supposing that it will not, Miss Ashwell will defer her own managerial scheme until the autumn, which is what she has always desired to do, though she might have been forced to take on the direction of a West-End theatre during the spring. When she does open, it may be taken as a fore-gone conclusion that her first play will be "Birds of Passage," which Mr. Michael Morton has adapted for her from M. Donnay's play.

Miss Madge Crichton, who has recently succeeded Miss Augarde in "Lady Madcap" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, has made a most gratifying success. Unfortunately, however, for those who admired her so greatly in "Three Little Maids," and for those who admire her in her new rôle, her engagement is of a limited nature, and she will not long continue to play the part.

A direct descendant of William Shakspeare on the stage to-day! One rubs one's eyes in amazement, but the fact is indisputable. In reality, he is descended from one of Shakspeare's daughters, so that his connection with the greatest name in English

literature is unquestionable. In appearance slight, and of barely the middle height, with a pensive face and a broad brow, the young man is fighting the battle as Shakspeare himself fought it before he achieved success; not, it is true, calling motor-cars and cabs for the habitués of the stalls in the same way as his illustrious ancestor is reported to have held horses' heads, but acting such parts as he has been able to obtain in musical plays and modern farces. When one comes to think of it, this is probably exactly what Shakspeare himself would have done had he lived in the twentieth century instead of in the so-called spacious days of Good Queen Bess. From purely sentimental considerations, it might have been imagined that, with such antecedents, a place would readily be found for the young actor in one of the theatres where Shakspeare is so frequently played.

Quite a long time has elapsed since so many "stars" have been gathered together as will meet at the Haymarket on Friday afternoon, when the complimentary benefit is tendered to our Russian theatrical guests who have been acting Eugén Tschirikoff's striking play, "The Chosen People." Miss Ellen Terry in "Nance Oldfield," Mr. Tree in "The Ballad-Monger," and Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude in the screen scene from "The School for Scandal," in addition to two one-Act Russian plays, will make up the programme, the variety of which has certainly not been exceeded in any similar entertainment. It is only owing to the fact that he is so far away from London that the occasion loses the extra distinction it would otherwise have received by the addition of Sir Henry Irving's name.

Mr. Max Pemberton has, in collaboration with Mr. Forbes Dawson, an actor who has, of late, been confining his work almost entirely to the provinces, dramatised his novel, "Beatrice of Venice," into a four-Act play, three of the scenes of which are laid in Venice and one in Padua. The stirring story has

been told with a remarkably short cast, for there are only eight people in it. The authors, as Mr. Pemberton has been heard to remark humorously, have been lavish only in cries and shouts off the stage. It is hoped that the play will eventually be produced by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. Unlike most novels which are turned into plays, little new dialogue has been introduced; for Mr. Forbes Dawson has found that Mr. Pemberton's original dialogue "fits the mouth"—as we say in the theatre—splendidly.

London, during the season, will probably seem almost like a theatrical annexe of Paris, for many of the "stars" of the City of Light will be shining in our playhouses. Madame Le Bargy will be acting with Mr. George Alexander, Madame Bernhardt and M. Coquelin will probably be at His Majesty's Theatre, and Madame Réjane will be at Terry's.



A WELL-KNOWN OPERATIC SINGER ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: MADAME ALICE ESTY, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE COLISEUM.

Madame Esty, in company with a tenor who prefers to remain incognito, is giving the "Miserere" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore" at the Coliseum. She is assisted by the choir attached to the house.

Photograph by Russell.



DAN LENO AS A SCENE-PAINTER: A BACK-CLOTH BY THE LATE "KING'S JESTER."

The late Dan Leno, of course, painted this scene solely for his own amusement, and it is thought that he used it for private theatricals. After his death it was purchased, together with a somewhat similar "cloth," by "My Fancy," who is using it at the music-halls in her sand-dance act.

Photograph by the Photolinel Studio.

# KEY-NOTES

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS is rapidly advancing in public favour as a conductor, and at the Queen's Hall last week he conducted a most excellent concert, given by the London Symphony Orchestra, in which he was assisted by Madame Clara Butt as the vocalist. Madame Butt chose to sing Gluck's wonderful Air from his "Alkestis" ("Alceste"), "Divinités du Styx," a Scena which suits her magnificent vocal gifts splendidly. Madame Butt has often been reproached by reason of the fact that she has in the past frequently exaggerated the splendid low register of her voice. On this occasion no such reproach could be attached to her, for she surely never sang with more artistic intention, or with more artistic effect, than at this particular concert. Everybody remembers the song—with what solemnity it begins, with what pathos it continues, and with what final passion it ends. In these varying emotions this extremely popular singer proved that she has not forgotten the private House of Art into which she stepped some time ago, when she first attracted the public by her singing in the part of Orfeo in the opera, written under that title, also by the composer of "Alceste."

On the same occasion, Bach's Suite in C for two Oboes, Bassoon, and strings was played, and Mr. Williams most discreetly seemed here to leave his forces to use their own discretion, apparently acting quite an unimportant part as conductor, so far as gesture, animation, and objective work were concerned; yet, at the same time, his own individuality was obviously expressed, even though his soloists were clearly playing according to their own ideas; these were, for oboes, Mr. W. M. Malsch and Mr. E. W. Davies, and for bassoon Mr. E. F. James. It may be mentioned as an interesting fact that the fourth movement of the Suite ("Forlane") shows Bach in his most modern attitude; one could imagine Sir Edward Elgar writing the work and having to endure reproach for being ahead of his time. At the same concert the Third Symphony of Brahms, a singularly grave-like and melancholy work, was played, as Addison would have it, to admiration. Later, Spohr's "Larghetto" from the Symphony in C Minor was given, a work which, although full of sensuous beauty, derives its reputation from very obvious trick-work, and, though rarely heard, is always pleasing to the hearer.

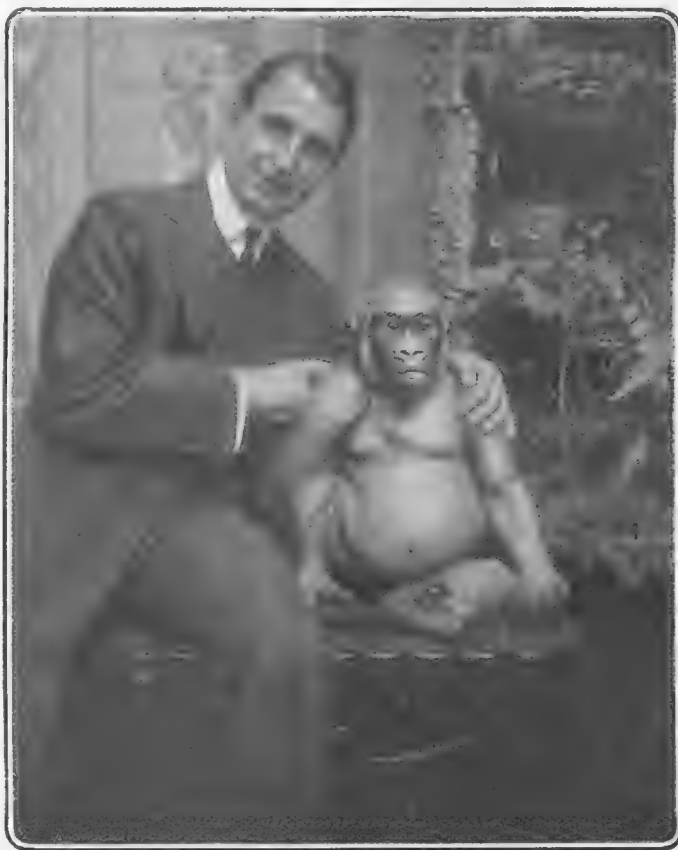
The "Barns-Phillips' Chamber Concerts" become more and more popular, and their third concert of the present season, which took place at the Bechstein Hall a few days ago, attracted a very numerous audience. This was partly due, of course, to the fact that certain selected works by Miss Ethel Barns herself were played on this occasion. Miss Barns has a most excellent talent, but it was impossible to feel that she had yet entirely realised her own musical personality. The Sonata in A Major for Violin and Pianoforte, which opened the concert, and which was played by Miss Barns herself in conjunction with Miss Isabel Hirschfeld, is alone proof of that fact. Beethoven, especially the Beethoven of later times, is a Master not easy to follow, especially by one who is almost without discipleship. Beethoven removed himself into such distant spaces that the later Pianoforte Sonatas, for example, need the most intimate acquaintance before they can be thoroughly and completely understood as great and effective music. Miss Barns seems, to the present writer, to have taken, all unconsciously, the later Beethoven for her Master. She plays in this instance as though it were more a question of completing musical phrases "long-drawn-out" than

of attempting to produce that which is essential to all art and beauty. The beginning of the slow movement, however, showed her sentiment towards this one essential matter in art, and the hearer, doubtless, expected that so lovely a theme would be developed under the influence of the same inspiration. Sadly enough, however, the ideal of which we have spoken seemed to touch her powers only at the beginning of continued thought, and, though everything from this point down to the end of the Sonata was accomplished in a musicianly and extremely clever manner, the working-out was by no means on the level of the occasional moments of beauty which form the introduction to many expectations. Miss Hirschfeld played "Four Preludes" by Schütt and Moskowski's "Etincelles" with great distinction. She has a style quite her own, and she has the peculiar talent of entering into what may be called various moods of music, so long as the composers she interprets are flexible enough to allow of a quick, an active, and an intelligible interpretation. The master who invented, to all intents and purposes, for modern times the idea of moods in music was, of course, Chopin; others have followed, and others have not been slow to appreciate the fact. Miss Hirschfeld is emphatically an interpreter of musical moods, and from that point of view she is a most admirable player. In these days it goes without saying that her technique was flawless.

M. Emil Sauer is to give a Pianoforte Recital on the 27th inst. Sauer, when he first appeared in London, created a great sensation by reason of the fact that, in his own way, he showed himself to be the greatest pianist of the present generation. "In his own way" is a phrase which should be emphasised, because that way was, and is, melodramatic. It may be as difficult a thing to perfect oneself in melodrama as it is to reach perfection in other forms of art; but it happens that the sort of sensation implied by the very word "melodrama" is not ranked so highly as is the idea of comedy, tragedy, or "what-you-please." Nevertheless, the melodramatist, as instanced by a very celebrated actor now no longer alive, has always had a very great following, and a very popular following; Sauer, so far as music is concerned, occupies precisely

such a position. He is to play his Second Sonata for the first time in England on this occasion, and three other new pieces, also by himself.

The Crystal Palace Concerts have already advanced into the position of a season which everybody will wish to attain great success. There is something almost sacred about these musical entertainments, which practically began, in conjunction with the Monday Popular Concerts, the taste in London for really classical and fine music. Mr. Arthur Fagge will be the conductor of the present series, and, according to the immediate arrangements that have been made, M. Tivadar Nachez and Mr. Benno Schönnéberger will give a Violin and Pianoforte Recital on the 18th inst.; the Dulwich Philharmonic Society on the same date, in the evening, will give a performance of Elgar's "King Olaf"; and on the following Saturday afternoon Madame Albani will sing in the distinguished company of Mr. Santley, Mr. John Coates, Miss Adela Verne, and Madame Beatrice Langley. On this occasion, Mr. Theodore Flint will conduct. Other concerts are also announced, the last being given by the Crystal Palace Orchestral Society and the Crystal Palace Choir on March 25, when three entirely new Orchestral and Choral Ballads written by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor will be produced.—COMMON CHORD.

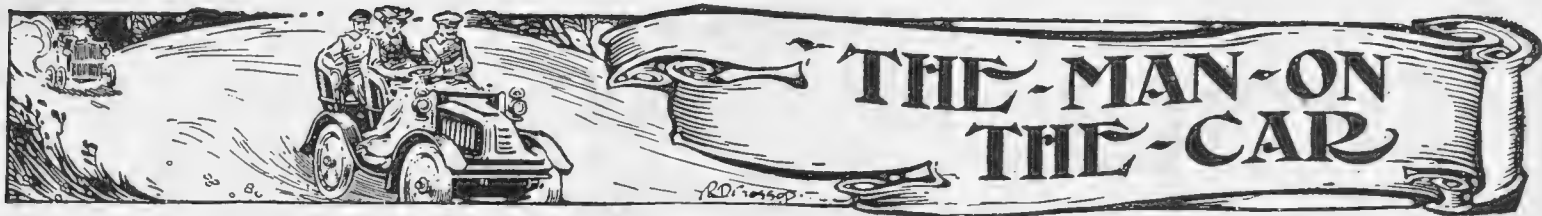


A NEW ACTOR-LIBRETTIST AND HIS STRANGE PET:  
MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AND HIS GORILLA.

A new opera, with music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie and libretto by Mr. Henry A. Lytton, the well-known singer and actor, is to be produced at the Palace on the 27th. The period chosen is 1740, and the plot deals with an episode characteristic of the time.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.





*Non-Skidding Apparatus—The Perfect Non-Skid—The Show at Olympia—A Simple Speed-Recorder—The De Nevers "Solid" Tyres—Cars Worthy of Consideration—Captain Deasy on Motor-Mountaineering—The 5000-Mile Trial of the 12-h.p. Siddeley—The Cost of the Test.*

THE interest which still continues to be shown in non-skidding appliances is so great that the paucity of entries for the demonstrations held in connection with the recent Crystal Palace Show was to be regretted. The arrangements made, under the supervision of the honorary judges, for testing the non-skids were very complete, and showed the defects or virtues of the appliances in high relief. If the demonstrations demonstrated

It should be remembered that the English house has the monopoly of the three-cylinder Panhards which have earned so good a reputation by their sweet and silent running.

The Committee of the Ladies' Automobile Club is to be congratulated upon having secured Captain H. P. Deasy, late 16th Lancers, for the delivery of a most interesting lecture upon Motor-Mountaineering, by the light of his own performances with a Martini car up the rack-railway of the Rocher-du-Nez and six or seven of the best-known Swiss, Italian, and French Alpine passes. To those in search of fresh fields and pastures new, Captain Deasy's lecture suggested a means by which fresh experiences and fresh sensations might be gathered. The lecture-room was crowded, and the vote of thanks, proposed to the lecturer in a pretty and well-delivered speech by Mrs. Gerard Leigh, whose portrait is given on this page, had been well earned. The members and guests afterwards indulged in tea, music, and chat in the Grand Hall. The keenness and enthusiasm evinced by the lady automobilists in all matters pertaining to the sport and pastime are quite refreshing and speak well for the success of the Club.



AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBER OF THE LADIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB:  
MRS. GERARD LEIGH ON HER 12 HORSE-POWER CAR.

Mrs. Gerard Leigh, who takes so keen an interest in the ladies' branch of the Automobile Club and who is on its Committee, was among the first women in Society to realise the delightful possibilities of the horseless carriage, as regarded from the feminine standpoint.

*Photograph by Bassano.*

nothing else, they, at least, proved that, for a vehicle to be perfectly immune from side-slip, it is distinctly necessary that all four wheels—or, at least, both drivers and one steering-wheel—shall be fitted with non-slipping treads. Every car that was not so fitted slipped more or less, and the fact that the Samson and Grose non-skidding bands came through so effectually was due to this.

But, in this question of non-skids, I am convinced that non-slipping treads such as those named, in which the tread of the tyre carries strips of leather studded with steel rivets, the heads of which project, although effective enough even under such severe conditions as obtained at the Crystal Palace, are by no means final. The perfect and most acceptable non-skid, when it comes, will not be affixed to the tread of the tyre, deadening its resiliency, slowing the car, and, when affixed to existing covers by vulcanisation, weakening the rubber and fabric to which they are attached. The non-skids of the future will be attached to the frame or the axle or the felloes of the wheels, without interference with the stability of the tyres.

By the time these notes see the light of day the great Show at Olympia will have run the major portion of its course, and we shall all be in a position to judge, more or less, whether results justify us in the prediction that this Show will in future be the one and only Motor Show in London. It is to be hoped that this will be so, for in a multitude of Shows there is no wisdom, but rather vexation of spirit and a most inordinate and unproductive expenditure on the part of the trade. Speed recorders and indicators are always interesting, and the perfected apparatus of this character shown in operation at Stand 195 attracts much notice. The Milometer, a simple form of recorder which is attached to the wheel-cap and which registers up to ten thousand miles, is a welcome introduction. The visitor who is on the look-out for some substitute for pneumatic tyres to save him both money and anxiety should see the De Nevers "solid" tyres, which are grooved transversely, vulcanised on to canvas, and wire-jointed. These tyres did exceptionally well in the late Light-car Trials.

Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, as might be expected, make a very fine and varied show, the Crossleys, De Dietrichs, and Oldsmobiles, particularly the new types of the latter favourite little cars, being well worth inspection and consideration. As the world-famous Panhard still holds its pride of place amongst the automobiles affected by those who desire the best and most reliable cars, the fine exhibit made by Messrs. Panhard-Levassor, from 14, Regent Street, is largely patronised.

Five thousand miles is on the big side for an average year's driving, and when this distance was selected for the officially checked trial of the 12 horse-power Siddeley car it was apparently done for the purpose of demonstrating the cost of running a good, staunch car, as well as proving the reliability of the car itself. As most of my readers are now, doubtless, aware, this trial came to a successful conclusion last Wednesday morning, when, in addition to the announcement that the car had covered the whole distance without any mechanical failure worthy of the name, some very interesting figures were given with regard to the actual cost of driving the car the above-named distance. In considering the figures, it must be remembered that the car had dry roads for three days only, and that for the major portion of the time the roads presented their worst winter aspect. The total consumption of Pratt's motor-spirit was 307 gallons = 16.2 miles per gallon = £15 7s.; 8½ gallons of lubricating-oil, £1 4s. 9d.; 20 tubes of chain-grease, £1 5s.; a quarter-gallon of thick gear-oil, 9d.; 1½ tins of Price's Belmoline, 5s. 3d. Charging accumulators, 12s.; two air-valve springs, 4d.; two wing-stays (collision), £1. The tyre-renewals cost, in all, £20 15s. 6d., due to one burst tyre, two nipped tubes, and one cover badly cut. A little luck would have reduced this total by half. Thus, the cost of running the 12 horse-power Siddeley from the commencement to the end of the five thousand miles was 19d., or



AN UNCONSCIOUS IRONY: A MOTOR-AMBULANCE FOR DOGS  
THAT HAVE BEEN RUN OVER.

The motor-ambulance here shown was supplied by Mr. Gordon-Bennett, of "Cup" fame, and is attached to a dogs' hospital. It is stationed at 120, Avenue des Champs-Élysées, and is always ready to convey injured dogs from the streets to the hospital. A telephone call is all that is necessary to summon it to the spot.

*Photograph by Regnaud.*

nearly twopence, per mile. Upon only two occasions, due to the burst tyre and running-out of petrol, was the car late in at the Club. Twice a few minutes late in five thousand miles is much more than can be said of a good many trains. The car carried four passengers, averaging 11 st. each, and 2 cwt. surplus every day.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*The Derby—The Grand National—"S.-P."—Improvements.*

THERE is a growing feeling at Newmarket that the Earl of Rosebery will win the Derby with his smart colt Cicero. His Lordship was Premier of England when his colt Ladas won the Derby, and many speculative sportsmen have once more

backed the double event. Cicero, who will be ridden in the race by D. Maher, is trained at Newmarket by Percy Peck. It will be remembered by many that when Lord Rosebery's two-year-olds of last year were ready to be trained, his Lordship decided to send some to Blackwell and others to P. Peck. The two trainers were to toss for choice; and Peck, winning, made Cicero his first selection. The colt has wintered well and he is coming to hand quickly. The Newmarket touts all declare for him, which history teaches us is a bit against Cicero's chance; and this fact alone will compel some of the professional backers to look elsewhere for the winner. In my opinion, Cicero will be the best English horse in the race, and it remains to be seen what will represent M. E. Blanc. It is a remarkable fact that French form does not synchronise with Epsom, and those who are predicting a victory for M. Blanc both in the Derby and the Oaks are bold, to say the least of it. John Porter hopes to have something to ably represent Kingsclere in the Derby, but he will have to be a really good one to beat Cicero.

I was disappointed with the form of Ambush II. at Kempton. The horse was big and looked as though he was short of a few gallops. It may be that his legs are not sufficiently strong to carry his big body. If, however, Mr. Lushington is able to put the King's chaser into strong work, I shall expect the Royal colours to be carried to the fore at Aintree, as Ambush II. is essentially a National horse. I do not think Leinster will stay the course, and should not be surprised to see his stable-companions, Buckhunter and Phil May, finish in front of him if all three were started. Detail, who is owned by a lady who races under the name of

Mr. White Heather, is certain to be well backed for a place, and Kirkland is another the public will fasten on to. Of Mr. Spencer Gollan's pair, I have heard two stories: one, that Seahorse II. is the better of the two; and another, that Seahorse II. is a horse of moods that is not likely to get once round. Comfit, trained in the Kirkland stable, is nibbled at, but I shall stand by the latter, who has only to do the least bit more than he has done before to win outright. Only nine finished in the race last year, and, 'pon my word, I do not think many more will be in at the death this time.

The War of the Starting Prices is waxing furious, and I think it is a great pity that all the big sporting dailies cannot combine and use one set of returns, to save quibbling on the part of backers and bookmakers alike. Anyway, confusion becomes worse confounded when the short prices sent out on the same tape as the long prices vary two or three points at times. I know the two gentlemen who collect the starting prices. They are men of high honour and big ability; but, now they are working independently, they agree to differ too often to suit the "S.-P." bookies and others who have to settle over one of the two sets of prices. I certainly do think that the two compilers should be allowed to compare notes; and, if possible, to adjust differences before sending their message for publication on the tapes and in the evening papers. Backers of horses quibble more over the price than anything else, and if one man gets 10 to 1 "S.-P." about an animal, while his friend gets 100 to 7 "S.-P." about the same horse, there is generally trouble. The "S.-P." bookmaker always announces on his card which set of prices he settles over; but many clients do not get a card, and when it comes to settling they clamour for the longer price.

I recently alluded to the improvements being made at Goodwood. A friend of mine who motored on to the course the other day tells me the race for the Stewards' will this year be an absolutely fair one, as there cannot possibly be any hustling or knocking out at the start. Many of you may remember that I objected strongly to the removal of the Royal

Box from the Stand side to the Paddock end of the Enclosure. I am glad to hear that Royalty will return to their old spot. I am told, although not on official authority, that we are to have a military band stationed on the Lower Lawn at Goodwood this year—a perquisite I, for one, have agitated for for ten long years. The house-party are seated on the Lower Lawn; with nothing better to do than scan the horizon. A lively programme of music by a good band would, at least, vary the monotony. I hear that a tunnel is in course of formation from the course to the railway station at Ascot, but this will not help the going on the race-track a little bit. Tunnels under the course are wanted badly, and could be easily and cheaply built. The going at Ascot was never better, and, come what may, meteorologically speaking, the going is bound to be good this year.

CAPTAIN COE.



AN EXPERT WHIP: MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER.

Although the wife of the Master of the South Devon Hounds, Mrs. Washington Singer does not herself hunt, preferring to act as hostess, in magnificent fashion, to those who do. She is, however, an expert whip.

Photograph by Durrant.



Mr. Singer.

A MEET OF THE SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS NEAR MANATON, DARTMOOR.

Paignton, the beautiful Devon home of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Singer, is famed for its sport and for its hospitality. Mr. Singer has long been Master of the South Devon Hounds, and there is no more popular sportsman in the West of England.

Photograph by Dinham.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

PEOPLE who from one cause or another find themselves constrained to spend the spring in this Island of the North have compensations in plenty if their lines are cast in London, for town is already distractingly and delightfully full, and parties of all sorts are in swing. Little restaurant dinners, little theatre

trimmings of wavy brown silk is again a frock of the many fascinations of which Paquin is past-master.

A case of especial interest to women was decided in the House of Lords last week, when an appeal was allowed against a former verdict in the now celebrated Hanbury will case. Though the deceased's wishes with regard to the ultimate disposal of his money were abundantly clear, the wording of his will did not sufficiently direct, or, perhaps one should say, decide, the issue; or, to put it in even another way, his intentions were obvious, while his instructions were vague. The final decision, reversing a former one by which the widow had absolute power in the ultimate disposal of this vast fortune, prevents the mischance of its dispersal in any way but that intended, and is therefore hailed as just and equitable by every one who reads and reasons. Mrs. Victor Bowering, formerly Hanbury, has use of the property during life. It subsequently passes to the dead man's sister and nieces, of whom he was devotedly fond; and so, by devious ways, justice is arrived at and rendered.

With three weeks of spring gone into the Never Never, it cannot be previous to indicate the trend and trek of spring fashions. Therefore, this attractive sketch of a spring gown in pale heliotrope is of interest. The belt is gathered heliotrope taffetas over a widely flowing skirt, the pleated sides of which are gathered under the large, flat picture-buttons now so much the mode. An infinitesimal turban with widely waving osprey crowns the fluffy coiffure, and behold a summed-up expression of Spring 1905 at her best and bravest. An altogether bewitching evening-frock is shown in the combination of dark-rose velvet and flounced Alençon petticoat of our other sketch, which is at



[Copyright.]

A FORECAST OF SPRING.

suppers, little bridge afternoons—every meeting seems to partake of that especial cosiness which the adjective “little” in this connection conveys. The only big functions in present favour seem to be women's luncheon-parties, at which the cheerful cackle of fourteen or sixteen busily moving tongues wakes the dining-room echoes in a manner that would have paralysed our sedate and serene grandmothers. If we do not go back to the days of placid pickle-making and home-brewed liquors for our manners and methods, we are very certainly, however, copying the garb of the Great Aunt period, and forecasts of fashion disclose the rustling taffeta, the voluminous skirt, the leg-of-mutton sleeve, the tiny turban-hats of the Trilby period, though our mankind have not taken to side-whiskers and floral waistcoats to keep the historical balance equal. People will fly to “The Lady of Leeds” for several reasons, and many will go again and yet again for one—namely, to see the ineffable frocks with which Paquin has fitted out the principal characters. I asked a friend, who went the first night, to produce some details; but beyond recording that Miss Nancy Price, as dressed by Paquin, was a dream, Miss Fortescue a vision, and Mrs. Theodore Wright a poem, I could arrive at little from this virtuosa in vague emotions, so I went myself, and confirmed her verdict, but with addenda. There is a frock of tilleul green chiffon, another of pale-blue China silk with blue and silver embroideries, a fascinating cloak of white crêpe and Alençon lace, and a superb tea-gown of white tulle and lace over white satin. Mrs. Theodore Wright wears a mauve brocade—the ideal matron's *grande tenue*—and a chestnut-brown silk gauze with



[Copyright.]

A LOUIS XV. DINNER-GOWN.

once a practical, picturesque, and original design. In black it would have an excellent effect, the silk-lined side-panels of velvet break up the lace petticoat so attractively.

I went with a friend last week on the always interesting expedition of choosing new wall-papers with which to embellish her four walls,



and arrived at the inevitable conclusion that even the most tasteless Early Victorian of them all would find it difficult to accomplish a really ugly house nowadays, so exquisite are the productions of this year of real grace in wall-coverings. At Graham and Banks' we saw designs which it took the brain and heart of any artist to create. A hedge of Michaelmas-daisy, looking like the herbaceous border of an old-time garden; wreathed Virginia-creeper, making a broken border on plain colours; dimity and chintz papers, delightfully reminiscent of fresh, summer bedrooms in old country-houses; then a series of panels over which adjectives quite fail. Amongst others, we selected a nobly drawn pattern called "Field Flowers," printed in soft mauves, reds, and greens, on a creamy ground, which will transform a large and now ugly bed-room into a bower of beauty, and, for a wide, low morning-room filled with old Italian furniture, an exact copy of sixteenth-century Genoese velvet, a panel of which can be seen in Graham and Banks' show-rooms.

The ingenuity of the advertiser compels increasing admiration nowadays, none the less when one is the happy recipient of a fifty-pound note for merely making a successful guess, as in the case of Miss Edith Burns, of Didsbury, who has received this pleasant valentine from Messrs. Wright, of Coal Tar Soap fame, through having correctly calculated the number of clean-shaven men in the average thousand. Lots of interesting and original possibilities open up in this connection, and a field of adventure lies before the up-to-date man of affairs. A competition which would arrive at the number of gay, inconsequent folk who pay their bills, for example (statistics from tradesmen would, no doubt, be forthcoming); a careful computation of the wives and husbands who dwell fondly together (here the subtraction and addition could be assisted to a total by servants' hall committees)—the vista is unending. And no doubt there is "money in it," for a Transatlantic man of enterprise—a chemist—lately offered to present a diamond tiara, or its value in dollars up to five hundred pounds, for a complete list of the New York nurseries that did not patronise his particular patent feeding-bottle! One can imagine the dignified astonishment of the average British butler if, in answer to an imperative double-knock, he was confronted with a "Say, do they use Mr. Jones's feeding-bottle upstairs?" Doubtless the door would be hastily shut, but, still, Jones's feeding-bottle would remain an irritating memory, and the advertiser's object in spreading knowledge be furthered. "Make people talk about you," said a wise solicitor to a junior counsel who pleaded for his daughter. "Never mind what they say, but make 'em say something," and there lies the whole catechism of the successful man to-day.

Playgoers who like to smoke between the Acts, and who deem a cigarette too mild and an ordinary cigar too long for the purpose, will find in "Tweenies" the very smoke they require. These miniature cigars are made by Messrs. Martin Brothers, of 25, Cheap-side, and are sold at twelve-and-sixpence the hundred.

Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts send us the following letter—  
DELHI-BOMBAY TRIALS.

SIR,—In view of the various statements which have appeared in connection with the above trials, and particularly in regard to the awards of the judges, the extracts set out below from a letter received from Mr. W. Sorel, the owner of the De Dietrich car which won the trial and the Gaikwar's Cup for reliability, will be of interest—

After the results were given out, a protest was signed and sent to the judges against the De Dietrich car, as she had actually lost a few marks. The matter was again reconsidered, but the award maintained, as no repairs or readjustments had been made on my De Dietrich automobile after leaving Delhi until my arrival in Bombay, whereas all the other cars had been worked on, and the engines and other parts readjusted beyond the two hours allowed for cleaning and lubricating. The De Dietrich was consequently considered by the judges to have been the most reliable throughout the run. The only troubles I had during the eight hundred and eighty miles were—first day, the little pipe leading from pump to water-manometer broke, and I lost all the water and had to wait twenty-one minutes for coolies to bring water to replace. In the same afternoon an ignition tappet-spring broke and was replaced in four minutes. Fifth day, bad tyre-troubles, otherwise no stops the whole of the time. The running of the car was greatly admired.

In view of the fact that it was suggested that some special favour had been shown to the De Dietrich in the awarding to it of the prize, it will be observed that all the points raised in the other competitors' letters were carefully reconsidered by the judges, and the award was made to the De Dietrich beyond all question on absolute merit, and after having proved itself the most reliable car.—Yours faithfully,  
for CHARLES JARROTT and LETTS, LIMITED, (Signed) CHARLES JARROTT.

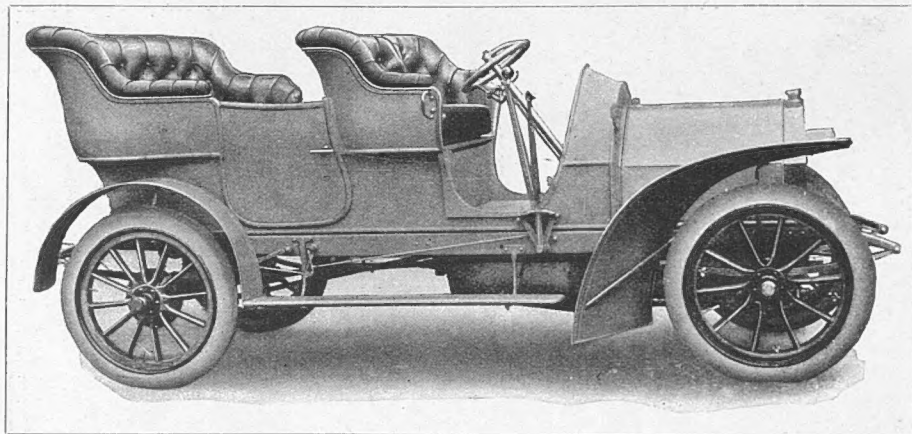
## THEATRICAL NOTES.

THE great body of the playgoing public, which has for so long admired the art of Miss Rosina Brandram, and has arrived at a feeling of what it is not going too far to describe as personal regard for one of the most charming women in the theatrical profession, cannot fail to be gratified by the announcement that she is improving, though slowly, from the severe illness which has kept her for some weeks out of the cast of "The Earl and the Girl" at the Lyric.

London and New York would seem to be fast becoming the theatrical complements of each other, a condition which, as Sir Henry Irving has pointed out over and over again, can only lead to the happiest results, since the stage can, better than anything else, teach a nation's customs and manners and its points of view to other nations. A vivid instance of the closeness between the capital of the Old World and the capital of the New is furnished by Mr. J. H. Barnes, who went to New York to take part in a play which was produced in that city during the second week of January, and, while these lines are being written, is on his way home again.

It is not often, in the nature of things, that the London public can have the opportunity of summoning a French author to the footlights in order to applaud him on the successful production of a work which owes everything to his genius except its English dress. When Sir Henry Irving produced "Dante," it was hoped that M. Sardou would come to London on purpose to be present on the first-night, but the possible rigours of the Channel passage proved an insuperable deterrent. Such considerations, however, will not stand in the way of M. Jean Richepin, who has promised to attend the first representation of his "Madame Du Barry" when it is produced

at the Savoy Theatre by Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Gilbert Hare. He is delighted at the idea of his play being done in London, and his delight is probably made not less in consequence of the trouble which, it is now a matter of theatrical history, attended the work at the outset, when it was sent to America to Mr. David Belasco for the use of Mrs. Leslie Carter, who, it is interesting to note, has recently produced in New York a new play, "Adrea," by Mr. Belasco himself.



THE NEW 16-20 HORSE-POWER HUMBER, EXHIBITED AT OLYMPIA.

This new 16-20 horse-power car forms the central feature of the Humber exhibit at Olympia, and embodies everything that is latest and best in motor design. It is driven by a 4-cylinder engine with separate cylinders fitted with equal water circulation and improved honeycomb radiator; has interchangeable valves; an automatic carburettor, and a dual system of high-tension ignition by magneto and accumulators; two hand-brakes and one foot-brake; engines governed by foot-and-hand governor; a fan behind the radiator to draw the air through and increase the cooling of the water; the simplest possible arrangement for steering; and four forward speeds and reverse. The petrol-tanks will hold eleven gallons, and it is claimed that the car is not only exceedingly comfortable, but exceptionally strong. The design, also, is certainly graceful.

Our reproduction of the City of London's picture of "The Siege of Gibraltar," for a copy of which the German Emperor has asked, has brought us some interesting information from Colonel L. Coulbrough. "It may interest the Council and some of your readers," says our correspondent, "to know that the regiment of infantry now at Hanover (or which was there in 1903) wears a very conspicuous armlet with "Gibraltar" on it in letters at least an inch high. One of the soldiers I asked for explanations could tell me nothing further than that the Kaiser had recently given them this 'decoration,' but why or wherefore he did so the man neither knew nor cared. Perhaps some of your readers can explain."

We are asked to state that the London concessionaire for the "Rexette, King of Little Cars," illustrated in our issue of Feb. 8, is Mr. Herbert Smith, 9, Strand, W.C.

With reference to our reproduction of the pay-sheet of the Queen's Theatre for the week ending Friday, Dec. 27, 1867, a reader points out that our correspondent fell into an error in computing the salaries. It would appear that the Queen's Theatre was closed on the first three days of the week in question, and that, therefore, the pay-sheet shows the salaries paid for two nights only. Sir Henry Irving was thus in receipt of a weekly salary of £8, Sir Charles Wyndham of £9, Mr. Lionel Brough of £7 10s., Mr. Toole of £32, and so on.

Early in May, Miss Tita Brand, daughter of Miss Marie Brema, will begin a short season at one of the principal West-End theatres with Shakspeare's "Othello." Miss Brand herself will sustain the part of Desdemona, and Mr. Hubert Carter, who recently made such a success in Marlowe's "Faust," will be the Othello. After "Othello" will follow Franz von Schonthan's well-known poetic play, "Renaissance." Finally, it is Miss Brand's intention to give a triple bill in a series of matinées, which will include a famous French playlet, entitled "Punchinello," the English version of which is written by Mr. Hubert Carter, which Miss Ellen Terry produced very successfully, and perhaps a new one-act opera by an English composer.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 22.*

## FIRM MARKETS.

THE firmness of the high-class investment market has been quite a marked feature during the last few days. The Bank Return showed remarkable strength, and, although no reduction is likely this month, there are reasonable hopes of such a fortunate occurrence in March, provided, of course, nothing unforeseen—like a General Election—happens in the political world in the meanwhile.

Peace rumours continue very persistent, and, although they seem to rest on no solid foundation, we cannot ignore the fact that most of the best-informed and influential people connected with international finance, repeat them as if they thought there was some solid though unseen basis. It would certainly cause no surprise in high financial circles if we woke up one fine morning to find negotiations going on: not half the surprise, indeed, that the Japanese attack on the Port Arthur Fleet caused a year ago. We hope it may be so.

This week we give a portrait of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who has for many years been one of the picturesque figures in City finance, but who has now determined to retire from Company and Westralian finance with which his name has been so intimately connected. Those who have attended the meetings of the Bottomley Companies will regret not to be cheered by the splendid optimism of the Chairman, who, to use the words of one of the shareholders, "was their best asset."

## CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

Until the Grand Trunk report appears, it will be impossible to tell exactly in what way the Company has been able to scrape up sufficient money for the satisfaction of the interest in full upon the First and Second Preference stocks. Apparently the "sweepings" that come in at the end of the twelve months were something substantial, and the Board, no doubt, made a strong effort to infuse as much cheerfulness as they could into the results for the full year. If the dividend on Seconds had fallen short of the full 5 per cent., even by one point, the credit of the Company must have suffered severely, and just at a time when the new railway schemes with which Canada is throbbing made it essential that the Grand Trunk should occupy as creditable a position as possible, having regard to the large share that the Company is taking in the development of the Dominion. Trunk Firsts may now be considered a good investment, upon which proprietors may sleep without much apprehension of the price falling again below par, as it did last year.

With the buying-up at any prices such bonds and stocks as Quebec and Lake St. John Fives, Alberta Railway Fives, Qu'Appelle and Long Lake Sixes, and such speculative securities, we find it difficult to sympathise. So far as the first-named bonds are concerned, there is certainly more to be said for the support, because the interest becomes 5 per cent. this year, and the Company has a fair chance of being able to meet the additional obligation. But Qu'Appelle Sixes receive only part of their interest in cash, and the price has come up from 57 to the figures reversed, in less than a year, and Alberta Fives have risen still more dramatically. There is such a thing as over-discounting both the prosperity of the Dominion and the chances that these smaller Companies possess of being taken over by one of the more important railways.

## SOUTH AFRICAN FORCES.

What makes it hard to believe that the Kaffir Circus will be allowed to slide away indefinitely is the hard fact that the magnates are spending immense sums of money upon the Chinese immigration to the Rand. Each coolie, it is said, costs about five-and-twenty pounds to bring from his own land and to establish in quarters on the mine where he has to work, and at this rate twenty thousand pigtailed involve an expenditure of something like half a million sterling: in cash—not shares, be it remembered. Some of the money, of course, comes from the mines themselves, but, since so many of the latter are heavily indebted to the parent undertakings, which are only another name for big-house firms, the Transvaal gold output is probably paying for only part of the expense incurred in the alien invasion. Then, too, the deeper depths want a lot more money for development purposes, and you cannot get

cash upon favourable terms unless the market happens to be good. Nevertheless, the Kaffir Circus is as humpy as a camel—if we may be permitted to drop into slang. There is no fizz or sparkle about it whatever, and the announcement of a really good monthly return last Friday served but to depress prices. February's figures will probably look bad, because of the shortness of the month and the various religious festivals that the Chinese celebrate in the early part of the month, so the bulls must not build upon good returns for another few weeks. It will be seen that even our "House Haunter," usually bullish over Kaffirs, adopts a more pessimistic tone than a mere cold in the head seems to explain, and amongst members of the Stock Exchange it is becoming more and more uncommon to meet one who will unreservedly express hopeful sentiments for the immediate outlook in the Kaffir Circus.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

One disadvantage of going to the theatre on the night before is, that it makes you feel so horribly sleepy after dinner on the night succeeding. Add a seasonable cold in the nose and a throat dry as the thirst of Tophet, and you will admit, O Reader, that there are cogent reasons for these notes being brief and pithy—reasons extraneous to the standing one to which allusion need not be more pointedly made. I have a rare sympathy for your suffering, O Reader!

After the way in which the Colonial Corporation stocks have lately boomed, those who took the advice here tendered with regard to Johannesburg Fours when the price stood about 94 can lay the flattering unction of successful foresight to their souls. The movement does not appear at all likely to stop, either, and as solid 4 per cent. investments the new Bloemfontein or Port Elizabeth Loans require a good deal of beating. Let their prices once get up to the vicinity of, say, 105, and then will be the time to lay in Home Rails, if the quotations for the latter are anywhere near their current levels. The public have grown so blasély accustomed to 4 per cent. on their money that they are astonished at the report of the Stock Exchange as to such investments having become increasingly scarce. The run for the moment is upon such securities, and there will be a grand hunt round after others when the present stocks become absorbed. Herein, it seems to some of us, the salvation of Home Railway prices must be found. With the present conditions, trade can hardly be expected to increase by leaps and bounds; the mere prospect of a General Election usually acts as a restraining influence over trade throughout the country. The Railway Companies, however, ought to be able to keep up their returns with quietly progressive figures, and this search for the 4 per cent. investments will certainly swing round to Rails in due course. Perhaps the first to feel the effect of this probable demand will be some of the Preferred Ordinary stocks, such as Brighton "B," York Preferred, or Twopenny Tube Preferred. This kind of thing returns all but a shilling or two of 4 per cent. on the money, and, naturally, an improvement in this quarter would react favourably upon the Deferred and the Ordinary stocks.

About a fortnight ago, a client came into his broker's office in a considerable state of perturbation. He holds a fair stake in some of the Indian Mining Companies, and, from the depths of a capacious pocket, he handed his broker an article anent the recovery of gold from sea-water. Did the broker think he had better sell his Champion Reefs, his Mysore, and his Ooregums? and I am told that you could hear the tears trembling in his throat as he asked the question. Would not this new process entirely supersede all present methods and make the gold-mines of the world quite valueless? As illustrating how a sensational suggestion can disturb the serenity of the average speculative investor, this case is worth noticing. Something of the same kind of apprehension caused the slump in Gas

stocks when electricity came to the front, when wireless telegraphy threatened the Cable Companies, when—as now—the motor-omnibus business is supposed to be going to run the electric-tramcar from the street and its Companies from the list of dividend-payers. British Electric Traction fell from 10 to 9½ upon this folly, and the recovery has taken them to about 9½. Telegraph and Gas stocks must laugh, if such securities have as much sense of humour as Trunks, or of tragedy as Kaffirs, when they remember the frightful flurry which took place in the old days. These scares are too frequently produced by newspapers according prominence to the subject outside the columns respecting financial matters. So long as the papers deal with scare subjects in their City pages, which the ordinary shareholder in a commercial Company rarely looks at, the most violent language can be cheerfully tolerated, but when they come to deal with them in leading articles and in other ways by which the attention of the country clergyman and the moneyed widow is arrested, then damage will be done to prices, needlessly in many instances.

Talking about newspapers, one might have supposed that, after the Whitaker Wright and the Hooley "reverlashuns," our journals would have felt compelled, for very decency's sake, to drop the little games which some of them used to indulge in. But not a bit of it. A man interested in a little mining venture was telling me the other day that he had "squared the Press," giving one paper a free call of 1,000 shares at a low price, another an order for I don't know how many copies of the paper, in order that certain information might be inserted, and a third a round sum of money, in order that the shares might be kept prominently in front of readers. I don't suppose it is discreet, even if it is unlibellous, to give the papers' names, but those who remember the Whitaker Wright evidence will not experience much difficulty in guessing the titles. To bring such charges against newspapers in a general way challenges criticism, I confess, on the ground that in such a matter the specific case should be stated. I admit it, yet can go no further. "And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

A sustained rise in Kaffirs seems to be about as probable as a prolonged fall in the moon. By slow degrees we are being driven to the unwelcome conclusion that our clients do not want to buy Kaffirs, in any set of circumstances. There is nothing particularly astonishing in that, either. Those who went a bull in the better markets of before Christmas have got their shares still, or they have sold them at a loss, vowing never to touch Kaffirs again. On the other hand, we have all of us got long lists of selling limits on our order-books, few of which seem at all likely to be practicable on the junior side of the half-year. Every now and then some tired holder reduces his price, and we do a bargain in the



MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, WHO IS RETIRING FROM THE CITY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



market; it is more than likely that our client loses money on the transaction, but we have no heart to advise him to hang on longer to his shares. With the prospect of a Liberal Government, I fail to see how Kaffirs can possibly go better for a while, notwithstanding the efforts of the party organs to smooth away the likelihood of legislation affecting the market. Very possibly there are almost enough coolies already imported, and a flooding of the country with Chinese does not appear highly desirable from any point of view, so that no harm would be done if the exodus from the Far East were stopped two or three months hence. But supposing the Liberals get into power, Ministers would assuredly have to make some kind of a show to mark disapproval of the present Government's rule in South Africa, and, whatever form the demonstration took, it is too much to expect that the Mining Companies would benefit by it. One is hard put to it nowadays to know what politics to adopt. There is the weak-kneed scholar with the jellified backbone who consents to an International Commission when a peremptory stand and a few ironclads would have wrung redress, instead of the dignified exit which the offender will now, in all probability, be able to make. There is the hysterical Missionary who is not content to let his country's commerce settle down into normal channels after an exhausting three years' war, but must fain throw the apple of discord where the balm of humdrum domestic legislation was, above all things, needful. There is the poor old gentleman with the double-barrelled nickname whom it is all but impossible to take seriously, and, besides, we have half-a-dozen ranting schoolboys, of various ages, who look upon the country as a nursery for knocking other people about and holding themselves up as the very mirror of all the virtues. I thank heaven that I was made no politician, but simply

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### A PROMISING RAILWAY SPECULATION.

We can only be doing our readers a good turn by calling their attention to the "A" Certificates of the Central Bahia Railway Trust, which at 82 seem to us a first-rate investment, yielding nearly 5 per cent. and certain to be paid off (if the investor will wait) at par.

The following are the facts. There are outstanding "A" Certificates to the extent of £855,000, secured by a first charge on Brazilian Rescission Bonds of the nominal value of £1,135,000 and on £14,200 County Council 2½ stock. The surplus income is applied in the purchase of the certificates, which are thus being annually reduced. The price of the "A" Certificates is about 82, while, curiously enough, the price of Rescission Bonds—on which they are, in fact, secured—is 84.

Unless something unforeseen happens in South America, the price should steadily rise under the pressure of redemption purchases, and those holders who refuse to take less than par will in the end get it.

#### THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

We are reminded of the flight of time by the issue of the report and accounts of this great Insurance Company for the year ending Nov. 20, 1904. As usual, the figures show a considerable increase both in the number of members and of accumulated funds. New policies to the number of 1,511 have been issued, insuring lives to the amount of over half-a-million and producing new premiums to the extent of £22,664 annually, while the year's increase in the accumulated funds brings this item up to £6,066,583. The total premium income of the Society amounts to £459,791, and its income from all sources to over seven hundred thousand pounds.

Saturday, Feb. 11, 1905.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ΩMEGA.—(1) We should think City and Sub., Jubilee, and Langlaagte Estate would suit you. Bonanza looks cheap, but the question of how long it has to live is not clear, and variously estimated at from one to two years. (2) Anglo-French, Tanganyika, Lace Diamonds, and Johnnies.

MAC.—It is a gamble to hold. We do not expect much good from the property, but in mining the unexpected so often happens that there is always a chance. The fact of the new Company being registered in Western Australia makes no difference to the limited liability.

GREEDY.—The following might suit you: (1) Premier Diamond Preference, (2) Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Deferred, (3) Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" Certificates, (4) Babcock and Wilcox, (5) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, (6) One of the Cuban Railway shares.

CAUTIOUS.—The Company does not strike us as attractive. In the Catering business the competition is excessive and increasing. The Company in eight years, with a capital of £240,000, has a reserve fund of only £3,000, which does not make for strength.

CHILD'S HILL.—We do not know much of the business; but the paper trade is not over-prosperous. The Debentures are considered in the market to be well secured. We will make a trade inquiry and refer to the matter in next week's issue.

KYLE.—Of your mines, we have a poor opinion of A and B. The rest are very speculative, the most promising being the Copper concern. As speculations we prefer the Trunk and Mexican Railway Ordinary shares. The Calico Printers Ordinary are very much a gamble after the last disastrous report.

LITTLE MARY.—(1) The Association's holding in Premier Diamonds makes the shares look like a good speculation. (2) The Diamonds are a fair gamble, but the people connected with the Company do not inspire us with confidence. (3) Fair.

EGYPT.—The Bank of Egypt shares still yield a better return than the other. The country is going ahead very fast and there is room for both to rise yet.

R. G.—The Furness Railway Pref. cannot be considered as removed from all danger, as the margin is small and the stock is contingent. The Guaranteed is, of course, gilt-edged.

A. M. H.—Your letter has been answered.

We are asked to state that the Directors of Spencer, Turner, and Boldero, Limited, have resolved to recommend a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares for the half-year ending Jan. 15, 1905, and a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum (making 5 per cent. for the year) on the Ordinary shares.

Messrs. H. M. Hobson, 85, King's Road, Chelsea, have been appointed sole concessionaires for the United Kingdom and the Colonies for the Decauville motor-cars.

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WEST-END AGENTS: MESSRS. BASSANO, 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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